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Contents

The Week 309
Editorials
Progressivism—1912 and 1924 312
Is Wheat Republican? 314
Moral Novelty 315
In the Best Serajevo Manner 316
General Articles
East of Eden ..... Christopher Morley 318
The Myth of Wall Street ..... George Soule 324
The Reparations Commission ... Sisley Huddleston 325
Christmas: Moscow (verse) ..... Babette Deutsch 327
Three's A Crowd ..... Felix Ray 328
Correspondence 329
Portraits in Encaustic, II ..... Stark Young 330
Pink Sheet Politics ..... C. E. A. 331
Reviews of Books
Mr. Hardy's "Philosophy" ..... Conrad Aiken 332
Ordeal ..... Robert Morss Lovett 333
A Pluralistic America ..... M. E. Ravage 334
The First History ..... Lewis Mumford 335
Ireland's History ..... Harry J. Carman 335

The Week

THE agreement which the Allies have just reached for putting the Dawes plan in operation has still to be accepted by Germany; and in all probability the Germans will stand out for some modifications. The changes which the plan has undergone during the deliberations in London are all in the nature of conditions imposed by the French government, the result of which will be to render the future operation of the plan more difficult and dangerous for the Germans. In its present form the plan has been so mutilated and complicated in order to appease French susceptibilities that it is almost certainly unworkable; and the Germans will be able no doubt to put up a strong argument in favor of its unworkability and to plead with plausibility and obstinacy for its modification. The question is whether the French delegation will dare to accept even very reasonable proposals for modifications, provided they originate with the Germans. Nothing would more quickly arouse French nationalist apprehensions than the sense that the Germans were recovering the power to assert some measure of independence and dispose of their destiny. Final comment, consequently, both upon the nature of the compromise and its chances of success or failure will have to wait until the German government has signed.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S chances of polling a large vote in the eastern cities are much improved by the action of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor in endorsing his candidacy. It means that for the first time in American political history organized labor will be actively and unequivocally interested in electing a candidate who is not nominated by the two old parties and whose success in polling a large vote is bound to strengthen the movement in favor of a third party. Mr. Gompers has attached many stipulations to the endorsement. He expressly repudiates the interpretation that the A. F. of L. has abandoned its traditional non-partisanship. Yet there are some actions whose meaning is so much a matter of compulsion that verbal denials are futile. The Executive Council of the A. F. of L. might have endorsed candidates of the two existing parties as individuals and without ceasing to be non-partisan. The life or death of either party was not even remotely involved by the decision. But La Follette cannot be elected, and a vote for him is a vote for some more remote political benefit. That benefit can only be the destruction of the monopoly of political power now enjoyed by the Democratic and Republican parties, and the substitution of a new Farmer-Labor party for the Democrats. If La Follette is successful he will by his success render the ultimate organization of such a party practically inevitable. Mr. Gompers is, consequently, a third party supporter in spite of his own squeamishness and the traditions of his organization.

A PRESIDENTIAL year decidedly has its uses. If there were no election in November, we think it at least improbable that Governor Bryan would have made his protest against National Defense Day at first, and more properly, known as Mobilization Day. If Governor Bryan were not a candidate for Vice-President, it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Davis would have backed him up. By the sheerest accident, the weight of the Democratic party is now thrown, despite the memories of 1917,

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against the militarists' policy of Prussianizing America. We heartily rejoice that this is so. In a good cause, every ally is welcome, and the fight against the spirit behind Mobilization Day is as worth making as any to be found in a long day's march.

ON the merits of the case, there is no question but that Governor Bryan is wholly right, and President Coolidge wholly wrong in their respective attitudes. Quotations from the military orders, published by the New York World, prove beyond question that a general mobilization is exactly what was intended. Everyone with a grain of sense knows that the real purpose was to "sell the army to the people," to work up interest in the citizens' volunteer training camps, and above all to secure public support for a bigger army and larger military appropriations. If this year's show had gone over well, it was to have been made an annual affair. One does not need to accept the rather far-fetched notion that Mobilization Day will be interpreted in Europe as the equivalent of a general mobilization by France or Germany, involving a threat of war, to believe that it is a silly, wasteful business, which looks in an altogether undesirable direction. Fortunately, the accident of politics has killed it; after this year, we doubt if it will be heard of for a long time to come.

WHILE the nation's attention is absorbed by the struggle for control of the political state for the next four years, the scientists as usual are going quietly ahead with developments which alter the character of our civilization in ways which the politicians must reckon with for centuries to come, if not forever. Science Service (Washington) announces a new yeast which may have enormous effects upon humanity's food supply. Dr. E. I. Fulmer, of Iowa State College, is the proud father and the christening cards bear the cognomen Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ, Race F. Little Saccharomyces turns out to be capable of absorbing nitrogen directly from the air, even though grown in solution (of sugar and minerals) free from any other source of nitrogenous nutriment. Never before has it been possible to take nitrogen from the air in a form available as human food. This discovery will make it possible to use enormous quantities of saccharine materials which now go to waste. The tropical cane sugar industry, for instance, produces as a by-product great amounts of molasses, rich in carbohydrates, but at present useless. By using such material as a basis for the growth of the new yeast while it is fixing nitrogen from the air in the form of protein, foods may be produced inexpensively from heretofore inedible materials. What Bismarck or Napoleon could ever hope to leave such a lasting impress on the civilization of his fellow-men as may perhaps be left by Dr. E. I. Fulmer, of Iowa State College, with his Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ, Race F?

THE American Legion Weekly recently asked a number of leading men in several countries "what the world gained from the World War," and published their replies, some of which are decidedly interesting. Norman Angell and Jane Addams found no gains except an increased hatred of all war. David Starr Jordan thinks "in the aggregate, nothing whatever." John Maynard Keynes replied briefly, "I don't know." A secretary to former Kaiser Wilhelm, presumably speaking on behalf of his master, answered that the world had gained nothing, lost everything. The ex-Crown Prince, recalling that America entered the conflict to make the world safe for democracy, says, "all nations are arming as hard as they can, and what about democracy? Just look at the cables! Dictatorship of some sort or other is the favorite idea." To Sir Philip Gibbs the War's sole gain is "the inspiration from the supreme valor of youth." Maximilian Harden thinks it revealed the necessity for a federation of continental Europe—against England. Hilaire Belloc characteristically says it proved the dominance of Christendom over atheistic Prussia!

YOU must turn to the Americans to get a more optimistic view of what the War did. Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, says we are "at last convinced that the balance-of-power theory is an unstable basis for world peace." General Pershing thinks that "victory did result in preventing domination by autocracy." Sir Arthur W. Currie, Canadian Commander-in-Chief, believes "we now know that as a means of solving the world's problems, war is a delusion and a lie." Charles W. Eliot sees three great autocracies overthrown, and several enslaved nations set free. Samuel Gompers, insisting that he is still as well satisfied with the War and our participation in it as he ever was, says we now have "freedom from militarist imperialism," and sees "democracy in the ascendency." William Allen White thinks "the gain came in self-respect for the workingman and the man of small means and his womenfolk."

INTERESTING as these comments are, we think they would have been doubly so if the question had been more extensive. It is fair to ask not only, "what did the world gain from the World War?" but "was the gain in any way commensurate with the loss?" and "could the same gain have been achieved in other ways?" We believe that honest answers to these questions point not only to the conclusion that the War was one of the most terrible tragedies in human history, but to the belief that it was a needless one, in the sense that human intelligence could and should have found a better mode of life between nations than had been reached by 1914. We believe moreover that despite the optimism of Mr. Baker and those who agree with him, it is demonstrable that the democratic ideal is in eclipse throughout much of Europe; that inter-

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national rivalries are worse, not better; and that no good result was produced from the War which could not have been expected in a few years' time by the normal progress of society.

SMOKE drifting once more from the direction of the Balkans, border raids, several dozen Greeks and Bulgarians killed, remind us that some kind of little war might start there at any moment. M. Stephen Panaretoff, the Bulgarian minister, speaking at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, shares the feeling that war like rain may at any moment pour from that clouded region. His remedy is a curious one. Under the Treaty of Neuilly, Bulgaria is allowed an army of only 20,000 volunteers. She must have more. Otherwise the Communists will revolt, and either they will pour over the border or somebody else will pour over their border. "The refusal to allow Bulgaria," he says, "to maintain an army strong enough to cope with any internal troubles can be of no service to the future peace of the Balkans." They all tried "strong enough armies" before. There was a war —several of them. Now there will be war because an army is too weak.

IS Wagner music, or nationalist propaganda? During the War violent attacks were made upon such musical organizations as continued to perform Wagner's music upon the supposition that such performance would give aid and comfort to the enemy. In vain did musicians protest that music is not a vehicle of political opinion. In vain did the well-informed point out that Wagner detested the Prussian state and wrote a revolutionary symbolism into his operas. Hun music had to cease. Since the War it has been revived, of course, and now "all-Wagner" programs are a common occurrence in American concert halls. Whereupon the Germans themselves proceed to give the lie to sense by making the Bayreuth festival a grand rally of monarchism. It is reported that the air of Bayreuth is so heavy with the spirit of the Empire that the audiences actually interrupt the operas to shout Deutschland Uber Alles. It only remains for the Bolshevists to adopt Wagner as a patron saint on the no more irrelevant ground of his revolutionary sentiments, for his music to be finally dropped as unsuited to merely artistic uses.

WOMAN has now, presumably, attained her political majority. Woman suffrage may be said to have been completely assimilated into the national constitution. Women are participating in the councils of all the parties, are running for office and administering public trusts. But the momentum of the "woman movement" is far from exhausted. The peculiar contribution of the sex to American political life continues to be safeguarded by the National Woman's Party. The object of this party is similar to that of all other parties, viz: to get its members into office. But there is a peculiar difference. The members are distinguished not by their political agreements nor by the ulterior motives that actuate their desire to get office. Their agreement is simply one of physical constitution, like the Red Headed League. This month the party is holding a national conference. That conference will make no commitments upon any political issue. Its objective is simply "Women for Congress": Republican women, Socialist women, Democratic women, Prohibitionist women, Catholic women and women Kluckers. Varium et mutabile semper, femina; e pluribus unum!

THE Republican Campaign Committee, we learn by the papers, is planning to send over the country, tons of "literature" describing and exalting President Coolidge as a "real dirt farmer." Only a few people per ton, we are willing to bet, will be fooled. The President was raised on a farm, and did his chores there till he went to college, since when, in the course of a long career up the slow staircase of political preferment, he has had scarcely anything to do with farming, and even less with the dirt end of it. He has camped behind more political desks than most men; he is a sure enough hardwood furniture politician if you will, but a dirt farmer—no.

THE high plane of intelligence and honesty on which the Republican campaign is to be conducted is indicated by the statement issued by former Governor E. C. Stokes of New Jersey. Governor Stokes finds that "the Bolshevism which Russia has been preaching to the world is rallying around Senator La Follette. The militant forces back of him are the firebrands and destructive elements in our politics. They do not even agree among themselves, but in the control of the nation would make this a second Russia." Mr. Stokes would do well to consult another presidential candidate, Mr. W. Z. Foster, on this point. He goes on to find the La Follette program a menace to "the right of free speech, free press, the right to worship God as you see fit, the right of women to vote, all the rights of the colored people under the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments [sic], the right of petition, the right of trial by jury." How so? Why, if Congress has the power to over-ride decisions of the Supreme Court, it can, for example, pass an act depriving women of the franchise—and apparently in Mr. Stokes's opinion this is just what it would do. Mr. Stokes gave out his statement "after consultation with Senator Pepper," who was exactly the person to point out to him that in view of the record of the courts under the last Democratic and Republican administrations in protecting the rights of free speech, free press and a fair trial, his remarks are something worse than nonsense. On no ground can Mr. La Follette better afford to meet his opponents than this of con-

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stitutional protection of personal rights. It is an issue which particularly belongs to him.

DR. SLOSSON has discovered machinery. In his Science Service, he has remarked: "I fancy more physics has been taught to the present generation by the automobile than by the professor." Quite true, no doubt. This is only the theory, long familiar to sociologists, that a culture is dominated by its technology. Romantics like Samuel Butler and H. G. Wells have even ventured to picture machines as quasi-consciously directing civilization. Dr. Slosson apparently expects scientists to bridle at this derogation of their importance as teachers. What must he expect of them to think of that phase of the theory which so far challenges their egotism as to suggest that they, too, are subject to the same process of education? A scientist may be described as a person who, like the mechanic of Dr. Slosson's chat, can learn more from a machine than from a book. The theory follows the machinery.

IT is impossible, with the national political campaign at its present stage, not to see a strong parallel between the career of MacDonald in Great Britain and that of La Follette in the United States. The British Prime Minister who during the War was politically and socially an outcast, has needed only to wait a few years to see all but the stupidest and bitterest of his enemies admit that he was largely right and they were largely wrong, about the meaning of the War. La Follette in America suffered a persecution which did not go so far but was of the same general sort. Not long ago a loyal reader of the New York Herald-Tribune wrote in to the editor and sweetly proposed that the conservative press should boycott the Progressive presidential campaign, thereby preventing people from knowing anything about it. The suggestion comes too late, having already been tried. A conspiracy of silence was attempted against La Follette by some of the Washington correspondents during and after the War, when they banded together and agreed never to print a line about him. This was done on the theory that the newspapermen knew better than the Senator what was and what wasn't true patriotism. The attempt was, of course, as complete a failure as was the similar and even more serious effort against Ramsay MacDonald.

THE correspondents who elected to suppress the news about La Follette were perfectly honest men, caught in the grip of that mob emotion from which so few American citizens were then free. Probably most of them are heartily ashamed of themselves today. The signal lesson of the episode however is the futility of such attempts when attempted on their own hook by a few reporters. The fact that La Follette news was being suppressed quickly spread through the country by word of mouth. As a result, more attention was centred on La Follette than he probably would have received if the routine channels of publicity had been left open to him. At any rate, today he has "staged a comeback" as spectacular as that of MacDonald, and one which may conceivably be crowned with similar results next November. Neither of these men has turned aside to court popular favor; the world at last—or some part of it—has caught up with them.

Progressivism—1912 and 1924

ON two occasions during the life of the present generation presidential elections have taken place in which a formidable third candidate and a possible third party have threatened the success of one or both of the regular Republican and Democratic nominees. The first occasion occurred twelve years ago. The second is taking place today. These two progressive agitations present a few points of resemblance and more of difference. The existence of these differences has prevented many Progressives of 1912 from supporting La Follette in 1924. Since in our opinion there is no sufficient reason why the sincere Progressive of 1912 should not vote for La Follette next November, it may be worth while to scrutinize with some care the nature and the meaning of the differences between the two brands of Progressivism.

The Progressive party and platform of 1912 was the culmination of a series of agitations, covering a whole generation, for political and social reform. Until the first years of the twentieth century these agitations concentrated on local corruption or sectional grievances or particular abuses, but after Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency in 1901 he gradually focussed the disconnected and sporadic reforming activities into an attack on the existing organization of American industry and politics. The object was to break up the "invisible government" of allied business and political bosses, to dry up the sources of their power by democratizing the political and economic machinery, and finally to occupy the reinvigorated popular government with schemes of social legislation according to English and German models. When the regular Republican machine prohibited the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of his overwhelming choice by a majority of the Republican voters, it was considered proof positive of the intention of the members of this "invisible government" to keep power in their own hands at any cost, and the motley crowd of insurgents and reformers suddenly developed into Progressives and became enormously enthusiastic about the humane ideals which their Progressive party proposed to infuse into American social practices and institutions. In fact toward the end of the campaign many meetings of Progressives were turned into something resembling religious revivals. Mr. Roosevelt himself envisaged his followers as any army of the faithful who stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord.

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This Progressive party of 1912 was an exhilarating explosion of American political and social idealism, but it possessed certain grave weaknesses which condemned it to frailty and final extinction. It was composed chiefly of voters who adhered to the Progressive cause either out of personal loyalty to Mr. Roosevelt or by reason of intellectual and moral scruples. There was nothing about their interests and activities which committed them to being progressive; and as a matter of fact the great majority of them were Republicans first and Progressives second or not at all. Just as soon as the mantle of progressivism passed to a Democrat, many of them began to hate and to denounce Wilson just as the Republican Old Guard had formerly hated and denounced Roosevelt. The progressive cause of 1912 was nevertheless at its best a genuine attempt to apply the traditional American politico-social ideal to contemporary needs. The fraction of its membership which defined its ideas and wrote its platform were political reformers and social workers. They proposed to place a democratized American government and an expert administration at the service of a program of social amelioration.

The Progressive party of 1924 is not composed primarily of voters who were formerly political and social reformers and who are prompted to a progressive outlook by the desire to improve the opportunities and the lives of other people. It is in part an expression under new conditions of that agrarian discontent which from the days of the Jeffersonian Democracy until today has so often supplied the radical ferment in American politics, and it is in part an expression of a recognition on the part of organized workers that they will always be subject to legal discrimination until they demonstrate their power at the polls more effectively than they have done in the past. These two classes are not trying to capture control of the government in order to reorganize its machinery and to pass beneficient laws for the betterment of other people. They feel that existing economic and political institutions place unnecessary and unfair obstacles in the way of the expression of their own characteristic and essential activities. They are starting on a career of self and class-improvement, partly through political and partly through economic agencies. They are tired of appealing to two-partisan machines which are by nature and interest opposed to all readjustments, for the destructive and constructive legislation to which they believe themselves entitled. They propose to see what they can do for themselves. Their leaders are usually grim, hard-featured men who have come to realize that no matter how good their cause, they will not receive any real consideration from their rulers unless they are prepared to insist on it. They are creating new centres of political and economic power which will enable them to say something about the way in which society and the state cramps their activities and ignores their interests.

The Progressivism of 1924 is not superficially as idealistic as that of 1912. The agitation of twelve years ago looked to its most ardent and articulate spokesmen like a humanitarian crusade. It appealed to and revived the passion for human welfare which so many Americans have brought to the operation of their political institutions; and it counted on creating a larger measure of human betterment chiefly by legislation which would be dictated by an enlightened and largely disinterested public opinion. The Progressives of today are not crusaders. They are claiming for themselves a larger share in the dividends of the American national economy and a more secure legal and economic status. They wish to exercise more effective control over the conditions of their own welfare. The legislation which they propose seeks to place in their hands some authority over the operations and the results of the national economic and political system. Like their predecessors they hope to accomplish many reforms by legislation, but the legislation which they propose is not primarily intended to ameliorate the condition of distressed and oppressed people so much as to create a fairer distribution of economic and political power among the several indispensable classes in the community.

The Progressivism of 1924 is obliged by the necessities of its own job to modify the program of twelve years ago. The enlightened, disinterested, and classless public opinion upon which the Roosevelt Progressives counted simply does not exist to the extent which the success of a progressive program demands. Opinions are the reflection of activities and habits of conduct. It is an illusion to suppose that a society like our own which is made up so largely of competing as well as coöperating classes can generate automatically out of this class-competition an amount of public spirit and enlightenment which will enable the existing state, which necessarily reflects these prevailing standards, to become the trustworthy agent of a program of social justice. The future enlightenment and the socialization of the individual American citizen will be brought about, if at all, by the increasing lucidity, sociality and efficiency of the conduct and the outlook of his economic associates. That is why the new Progressivism attaches so much more importance than the old to accelerating the energy of the working classes and their improved adjustment to the dominant classes in the community. The individuals who compose these classes can achieve their own development only by understanding and participating in group projects, and by learning how to adapt the interests of their classes to those of the whole community. The present Progressive party is an experiment in group resistance to the business, professional and expert groups which now drive the vehicles of economic and political authority. It will discover what part of its own project it is capable of achieving by trying the experiment out; and this try-out should educate its opponents as well as

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its own members. It will help more powerful classes to discover what they must give up and what they must achieve for the benefit of the improved social and economic activity of their less fortunate class competitors.

Because the Progressivism of 1924 is more of an instinctive class movement than that of 1912 and less the creation of ideas, its platform is an inferior expression of its meaning. The new Progressivism is projecting an extremely radical redistribution of American economic and political power. It would be preposterous to claim that, if its leaders win the election, they would assume office equipped with a well-considered practical program which they know enough to realize in legislation. But surely no voter who believes in the need of broadening the distribution of American economic and political power should attach much importance to this disability. The only way in which the Farmer-Labor groups can ever find out how to use the powers of the American government for the benefit of their projects, is to start an agitation for the capture of that government. The agitation will necessarily begin by behaving somewhat roughly and by betraying some ineptitude in practising the art of politics. Yet rough and inept as the new Farmer-Labor party must begin by being, a sincere Progressive should be willing cordially to support a promising political agitation which proposes by orderly methods to dislocate the existing line-up of social classes. For it is only as a consequence of such dislocation that those who cherish the hope of individual and social amelioration can jolt the rulers of the American commonwealth into a conscious search for a more flexible and humane adjustment of class activities.

Is Wheat Republican?

WILL the hopes of La Follette be buried in an avalanche of American wheat, selling anywhere from 30 to 100 percent higher than a year ago? Will the corn growers and hog raisers, rejoicing in a similar rise in their products, forget their former troubles and thank the Republican party for prosperity by a few million votes for Coolidge? Will the agricultural population, with billions of extra dollars from the sale of crops, come careering into the market and disburse the purchasing power necessary to resuscitate manufacturing industry?

Those who, watching the wheat pit and the stockyards, have decided that the farmers' grievances have vanished, might profitably cast their eyes a little further before making a final decision. Exchange quotations for wheat have, it is true, risen from the neighborhood of the dollar of a year ago to over $1.30, while corn and other crops have gone up in like proportion. But most of these quotations are for "futures," and only a minor part of the crops has yet been delivered. There is still uncertainty as to what may happen in the future.

The rise of wheat is due to a combination of reports dealing with the relationship of probable American supply and probable foreign demand. The estimate of the American carryover is about the same as last year. The estimate of the new crop is the same as last year. But the estimate for the Canadian crop, which is one of our chief competitors in the European market, ranges between 200 million and 300 million bushels, against 450 million last year. There is a rumor that the Russians will have less to export than a year ago. And there is an estimate, doubted in informed quarters, that the European crops were so short last year that the importing nations will need 125 million more bushels this year than last.

One trouble with these reports is the unreliability and shifting character of estimates. Accurate statistical information is not always available even after the crop is fully harvested. The difficulty of securing advance estimates even when statistical machinery is good is illustrated by the difference of 100 million bushels between the highest and lowest guesses as to the present Canadian crop. And the liability of estimates to shift is shown by the fact that a recent report of one day's rain in Canada was enough to drive down the price six cents on the market. The predicted shortage in the northern hemisphere may be as high as 10 percent of the normal crop, it may fall to 5 percent, it may disappear entirely. American wheat may turn out a smaller yield than is now expected. Any such accident might rob the farmers of their gain before the greater part of the crop ever reaches the elevators.

Even more fundamental difficulties arise in the economics of the international market. It may possibly be true that the European nations which import grain will this year be 125 million bushels short of last year's supply. If so, that fact is not being registered in current exportations from North America. Wheat flowing out of this continent (excluding that small part shipped from Vancouver) tallied 20½ million bushels between July 1 and July 26, 1924, against over 22 million bushels for the same period of last year. In spite of any needs, the purchasing power of European nations is low, especially those of continental Europe, where any unusual domestic shortage would chiefly be registered. These countries have greatly reduced exports of manufactures with which to buy food. The rates of exchange make America their most costly source of supply. Presumably Great Britain, by far our largest customer, has not allowed her stocks of grain to get too low, and her domestic crop is never of much importance. Europe will, of course, buy from us as much as is absolutely necessary to make up a severe shortage, but no more than that, because she can get grain much cheaper from Argentina, Australia and other sources of supply in the southern hemisphere which will begin to come into the market before the year is over. This tendency to

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wait for the southern crops will be emphasized by the fact that in recent years British and European importers have developed the habit of allowing Americans to carry the grain until they need it, buying from hand to mouth, on account of the necessity of limiting foreign indebtedness.

The outlook for corn and hogs is even more doubtful. The rise in the price of corn is due almost wholly to the poor condition of the crop and the fear that on account of its lateness much of it may be ruined by early frosts. If the high prices continue, those who happen to have good corn crops may profit, but many others will suffer. If the crop turns out better than expected, the price will fall. In either case the value of the total crop cannot rise very high. And corn is for the most part not sold, but fed to hogs. That is the chief reason for the rising price of hogs. But hogs cannot continue to rise unless there is a strong demand for hog products. It looks as if Europe were prepared to use less of these than last year.

In addition, we must not overlook the bearing of the home market. Manufacturing employment is about 12 percent less than last year at this time, and the purchasing power of those who are employed averages some 4 percent less. Miners and many classes of railroad employes are suffering still more. There is no positive assurance of any upturn in business before 1925. What will be the result when this diminished purchasing power collides with higher prices of food products? Scarcely as large a domestic demand as last year.

The Department of Agriculture is wise in setting up an estimate of a $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 gain in value of this year's American wheat crop against the wild guess of $1,000,000,000 which has appeared elsewhere. The farmer is, tangibly, a little better off already, and will probably remain so until after election. But hardly enough, we believe, to make him forget the experience of the past few years.

The farmer will be wise if he fails to reward the Republicans for a windfall for which they cannot claim the slightest measure of responsibility. For if the salvation of the American farmer is to depend on temporary poor crops in other countries, he will never long be saved. He still needs all the fundamental market, transportation, credit, and other reforms which could have done him any good before black rust attacked the wheat of Canada.

Moral Novelty

SPECULATION about the morals of the future would be a more amusing sport if our imaginations were not machined to mesh with the morals of the past, so that whatever reality our moral inventions have is the substantial stuff of established practice.

Do circumstances present us with a new situation? We promptly fill in the characters, the lines and the scenery from the old drama and achieve a happily familiar ending.

Thus there was much big talk of polygamy, during the war. The proportions of the sexes having been altered, public policy and the interests of women would force plural marriages. The idea was that the plural wife would be tacked on to the existing family. The triangle would replace the present bilateral Eden. An additional member was to be added to the cast without alteration of the lines: three chairs at the hearth instead of two; three hearts that beat as one. The tired husband, worn out by the struggle to fill three mouths in Anglo-Saxon respectability, sinks into the Morris chair and two wives bearing each a carpet slipper step up to relieve his aching feet. An easy and obvious development of the familiar scene! And yet no intelligent young patriot ever presented himself at church with a piously veiled lady on either arm. All of which is an absurdity, of course.

But it is not a more glaring misappropriation of moral realities than the notion that there is anything novel in contemporary "freedom of the sexes." What particular banality people have in mind when they talk about the new freedom is always difficult to discover. Often they seem to be laboring under the impression that if the behavior of a stenographer in an office differs in any respect from that of a matron in a drawing room that is to be set down to the credit of the business Miss as a great moral achievement. The fact of the matter is, of course, that the young lady of business does make her appearance, her manners and her general rule of conduct approximate just as closely to what she conceives drawing room behavior to be as she can possibly achieve; indeed, notoriously so. She does sit in an office alone with her male employer for hours at a time, something which would be inappropriate in social life. But office life is not social life. The absence of a protecting aunt at the office does not mark the accomplishment of a great moral victory over an established tradition of aunts in offices. Neither does it mean that the function of aunts has disappeared. On the contrary, the place of the chaperone is in the home. The office, being an entirely new stage setting, furnished with typewriters instead of tea tables, might have suggested a wholly new line of action. The amazing thing is not that offices are so unlike parlors—they were bound to differ much in any case—but that so much of the accepted formality of sexual propriety could make its way in so new and foreign an environment.

In short, the wonder is not that women ride unescorted on the railways. Railways are a mechanical, not a moral, invention, and if they abrogate the formalities of stage coach and inn they do so by virtue of mechanical necessity, not of moral innovation. The wonder is that in the bowels of the iron Molochs women are still the recipients of an antique chivalry, and that they can somehow contrive to pass the night on the shelves of a Pullman car with

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no more exposure of their persons than would have been overlooked in any inn five hundred years ago.

The point is that the established moral code of Christendom has never held that women must not work in offices nor eat in restaurants nor travel in trains and automobiles save under such and such conditions, for the not inconsiderable reason that our morality is rather older than these mechanical inventions. The introduction of the automobile has not altered our theory of the proprieties of automobile driving. Neither has it altered the prevailing theory of love and marriage In this sense the automobile is morally irrelevant.

A similar irrelevance distinguishes the whole bag of tricks of mechanical civilization. Ultimately the machine age may change the basic elements of morality by making them completely obsolete; that is to say, by bringing civilization to rest upon other foundations. But until that very remote time has arrived our civilization will adhere to its ancient moral code with the same tenacity with which it clings to Christianity. Monogamy is no nearer general abandonment than monotheism. The central elements of our sexual morality are our one-husband-one-wife family system, our absolute taboo upon overt extra-marital relations and our equally strict prohibition of scandal mongering. And there is nothing in the present situation which indicates the slightest modification of the fundamentals of this system. Monogamy, the dual household, has never been more deeply entrenched than now. The one standard, inescapable evidence of illicit union is held in less favor than ever as the illegitimacy rate decreases. And though duelling has passed out of fashion as the answer to wanton defamation, the disposition to regard everyone not actually a parent as chaste is so strong that it is now, perhaps for the first time in history, bad form to impute sexual intimacy to the most obviously loving married couple.

If, nevertheless, the actual facts of the relations of men and women have altered or are altering, that change is certainly occurring outside the purview of morality in the region of the technology of living. If science has made it possible for men and women to "get away with murder" that does not mean at all that murder is any more popular than it has ever been. Probably this has happened. Probably it is now possible for what has always been our major sex delinquency, illegitimate conception, to pass gradually out of our statistics not by the complete purification of the population but by other, extra-moral circumstances. Such being the case, the situation, the actual, factual circumstances within which our morality operates, will have so changed as to render an ancient principle obsolete. But it will have become a dead letter not by the growth of "broad-mindedness" and leniency of application, but by the disappearance of the condition to which it formerly applied. The situation, far from being one of increasingly avowed "worldliness," may just as probably be the precise opposite. We shall probably continue to frown heavily upon all overt evidences of sexual irregularity long after all such evidences have passed completely out of existence.

Will this be a moral millenium of a moral vacuum? Neither, doubtless. There will always be new perplexities arising from the departure of old preoccupations. But from the point of view of the relations of the sexes one must remember that our deepest moral principles forbid us to impute sin where no blemish meets the eye. Those who think the future is going to be better than the past must rest their case on this presumption. That is, they must lay great stress upon the increasing scrupulousness with which succeeding generations bow to the ancient code. In so doing they are certainly drawing upon the Medes and the Persians for their novelties, as moral innovators had better do. The latest thing in morals is apt to be the most antique banality. For a moral novelty is a contradiction in terms: morality is hoary by hypothesis. This should be a great comfort to conservatives.

In the Best Serajevo Manner

YOU read the American note to Persia with regard to the killing of Major Imbrie and you wonder what has become of the old American tradition in dealing with weaker states. This is not an isolated case. If so, it might be dismissed as a single instance of official bad manners and the truculence of a government overconscious of its strength. But taken in conjunction with like demonstrations toward other countries, it must be regarded as symptomatic of a definite tendency—a tendency toward what might be called Palmerstonism.

An American official accredited to a foreign country and therefore expected to respect its traditions and beliefs goes to a religious rite at which the fanaticism of the mob is whipped high. He ostentatiously takes photographs of the rites, an offense to the religious beliefs—superstitions, if you will—of the natives. He wears, moreover, a native cap, thus leading the people to believe he is a native apostate. He is attacked and killed. The native government, officially and otherwise, makes humble expressions of regret, of penitence, even, without so much as inferring that the American official was indiscreet.

Then the American government sends a note. It demands reparations for the American's widow, punishment of the guilty and for "those who by their failure to act contributed to make possible this incident," payment of the cost of sending an American destroyer for the body, a guard of honor for the body, military guards for the American legation and consulate. And then the note adds: "This government feels that the continuance of its diplomatic and consular representation in Persia will be dependent upon the action which the Persian government may take in this case. . . . It cannot overemphasize the seriousness of the view which is taken

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of the present situation." An ultimatum, in other words, expressed brusquely, badgeringly, in the best Serajevo manner. A threat to take the step conventionally precedent to war over the murder of one American in a moment of mob violence under circumstances which were at the least questionable. It is needless to speculate whether the note would have been in this tone had the offending nation been Fascist Italy or France instead of a small and weak Persia.

It was not always so. There was a time when everywhere in the East from Yokohama to Constantinople there was a pathetic trust in America's unwillingness to use its strength and an even deeper gratitude for its tolerance. America had no ulterior motives of territorial aggrandizement or diplomatic encroachment. It laid no punitive indemnities for unavoidable contretemps. It had a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties of nations newly brought into relations with the West, the difficulties of maintaining order on our standards; and it had a generous tolerance when the difficulties resulted in losses to foreigners, whether in property or human life.

In 1861 the American assistant to Townsend Harris, American Minister to Japan, was killed by a band of anti-foreign Japanese after Harris had been warned that attacks on foreigners were likely if they were not careful. Harris pointed out to Washington that Heusken, the murdered American, had ignored the warnings and therefore the Japanese government was not to blame. Washington withdrew its demands for punitive reparations. A few years later Robert H. Pruyn, American Minister to Japan, refused to join the other foreign envoys in punitive military measures because of the murder of another foreigner.

When Daniel Webster sent Caleb Cushing to China in 1844 to negotiate the first Chinese-American treaty, he instructed Cushing to make it clear to the Chinese that we should not support our citizens in acts contrary to the laws or customs of China. When Peter Parker, American commissioner to China in 1857 proposed to Secretary of State Marcy that we join England and France in temporary occupation of Chinese soil to enforce execution by China of its treaty obligations, Marcy refused, ordering Parker to abstain and to protect American rights without use of force. And after the Boxer rebellion in China, when foreigners, including Americans, were murdered en masse, John Hay fought to prevent the dismemberment of China as punishment and even succeeded in paring down the indemnity. Later we returned a large part of our share of the indemnity.

Contrasts could be added without end. Always we have acted as buffer between helpless Eastern nations and the powerful interlopers of the West. We have held ourselves aloof from combined demonstrations in force, even when they were legally justified. We have pleaded in defense of the weaker nations in international councils and, if only by the contrast of our example, helped to set a different model for the relations of the strong toward the weak. We have not asked our diplomatic pound of flesh.

It was typical that a British organ in Japan, complaining in 1883 of the loss of British influence, should write: "Among all Japan's treaty friends she (the United States) is at present the most trusted and the most consulted." It was equally typical that Kiying, the Chinese commissioner dealing with foreign affairs, should write to the American representative in 1844: "I have heard that usually the citizens of Canton have respected and liked the officers and people of the United States, as they were peaceable and reasonable; that they would even when there was a cause of difference endeavor to accommodate the matter, which is very unlike the English."

You need only read the note to Persia for comparison. You need only follow the correspondence between the State Department and the Chinese government on the latter's recognition of Russia. Because we have a dubious claim on a railway jointly owned by Russia and China and because we do not like Russia's social system, we protest against China's exercise of its sovereign rights. We do not protest when England and Italy exercise their sovereign right and recognize Soviet Russia. They are strong. All the recent American representations to China are eloquent of change. We are the pursuing creditor, standing on our legal rights without regard to their equitableness, never forgetful that we are the stronger and that we have the power to deliver judgment ourselves and execute it. All the recent events in the Carribean are yet more eloquent of change.

For those who pay no heed to the warnings of English liberals that America has set its foot on the old, well-worn path of imperialism, the records of the State Department for the last few years furnish food for thought. It is also symptomatic of much, that a diplomatic measure of the character of the ultimatum to Persia should have called out so little public protest.

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East of Eden

Genesis IV. 16—A Play in One Act

CHARACTERS — Cain; Enoch, a baby; Cain's wife; Adam; Eve.

[THE SCENE* *is laid in the fourth chapter of Genesis, the sixteenth verse. It is the home of Cain and his wife, in "the land of Nod." Genesis is not very explicit, so I shall have to rely on imagination in describing the setting; and I am willing to allow much leeway to the director in arranging his stage.*

Cain was evidently an ingenious fellow, with architectural talent, for eventually he "builded a city." Therefore we may fairly surmise that he has made himself some sort of habitable dwelling, even if only in a cave. What we see when the curtain rises is an arbor outside that dwelling. It is on a hilltop, looking off toward Paradise Lost. The back-drop represents a distant view of Eden, beyond a river, and fields and vineyards shining in a rich sunset light. Every group of amateur players has at least one artist who will thoroughly enjoy painting this back-drop, in which he can let his fancy run freely. He can even limn, if he desires, the Tree of Trees (inter folia fructus) rising on the skyline, and the flaming sword at the exit. But if he funks such detail, the effect can be achieved by a light blue curtain at the rear, suggesting that Cain and his wife look from their hilltop exile, through airy distances, on the irretrievable innocence of mankind.

The little stage where they find themselves is really the first sleeping-porch in history. It is just a small terrace of level ground that catches the afternoon light, shaded by a vine that grows, r. and l., on a rudely constructed trellis. Downstage, l., is an opening, curtained with skins, that leads into the inner quarters. Not far from this opening a small fire is burning between two large flat stones, on which is propped a steaming earthenware crock. On the r., under the overhanging foliage of the vine, is a rough shelf or work bench on which are some bowls clumsily shaped of sun-baked clay, a bundle of dried grasses for weaving, and perhaps also some primitive tools and weapons—such as a hammer made of a stone lashed to a stick with a rawhide thong, and a bow and arrows. Toward the r., downstage, are two large skins spread out neatly, side by side, each with a sort of bolster or pillow made of hide and stuffed with hay. Two or three other skins are scattered about. On one of these, in the middle of the stage, Cain is sprawled.

Cain wears a suit of skins, consisting of hairy shorts and a kind of mantle which leaves his arms bare. His arms and his bare shins are tanned a deep brown by exposure: his hair is very long and curly. I suppose he has also got to have a beard, though I should prefer him without it. We are to imagine him as a man of quick, jealous temper (or he wouldn't have quarreled with Abel), but there is also a rather appealing wistfulness about him, as though he is still a bit puzzled about his punishment and exile, and not yet wholly convinced that it will be man's destiny to work so hard for a living. But when the curtain rises we find him in a happy mood: he is stretched at his ease on the ground playing with the baby.

Yes, there is a baby, in a little furry tunic. His name is Enoch (see Genesis iv:17) and he's about fifteen months old. Now the chief purpose of writing plays is to get them performed, and if none of the amateur players in this club wants to lend a real baby for stage purposes, we'll have to use a large doll, one that can utter a life-like lamentation. In that case we shall have to put the doll in some sort of wide-meshed wicker basket or an ark made of bullrushes (cf. Exodus ii:3), through the interstices of which it will be visible to the audience. But I'm going to write as though we had a real baby: if a doll is used the resourceful director will know how to adapt it to our requirements. So you imagine the baby on the skin rug with Cain, crawling about gaily as he plays with it. Cain shakes a gourd, in which the dry seeds rattle noisily, and Enoch is delighted.

All right: now we can go ahead. I'm assuming that you've gathered your audience, made them pay a small entrance-fee (enough to cover your expenses) and that you've informed the author's agent of your intention to produce the play, and paid the modest royalty (for if a play is worth performing at all, it's worth paying for) and the curtain goes up.]

CAIN—[*Bursting into laughter as he plays with the baby*]

Big boy, big boy, big boy!
A great big baby
In the land of Nod—
Ho, ho, ho,
What a joke on God!

[*He pauses and considers. Then he says these four lines again, emphasizing the rhyme, and seems*

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proud of himself. He sticks his legs up in the air and turns a backward somersault in glee. The baby crows with admiration.] Did you hear that? When the words sound like each other, it makes you feel good. I wonder if we could do it again? [*He plays with the baby's toes.*]

Enoch, Enoch, in the land of Nod—

[*Then, after a pause, with a shout of triumph*]

His toes are as tiny as peas in a pod!

[*He goes into an ecstasy of self-esteem over this, tosses the baby up and down.*]

My, my, we *do* have a good time, don't we?

[*At this moment the pot of milk on the fire begins to boil over, but Cain, absorbed in his game with Enoch, doesn't notice it.*]

CAIN'S WIFE—[*Off*] Cain! Cain! [*Cain looks startled, hastily puts the child into its ark or wicker basket.*]

CAIN—Yes?

WIFE—[*Off*] Is baby's milk warm yet? [*He looks anxiously at the pot which he has quite forgotten and thrusts his hand into it, withdrawing it with an exclamation.*]

CAIN—Wow! [*Calling*] Yes, it's getting on nicely.

WIFE—[*Off*] Give it to him, then. [*Cain takes the pot off the fire, gets a small bowl from the shelf, and dips some milk into it. He sits cross-legged beside the basket and—apparently at any rate—tilts some milk into the child's mouth. It is too hot, and Enoch utters a yell. Cain's wife enters through the opening l. She is rather a lovely savage in her fur jerkin and short skirt of fig-leaves. Her skin is a beautiful bronzy color, her long hair is down her back and decorated with a peacock feather. Cain tries to calm the baby.*]

WIFE—What's the matter?

CAIN—I don't know. Maybe he isn't hungry.

WIFE—[*Rapidly investigating*] It's too hot. Gracious, I can't even trust you to give him his food. [*Picks child up from basket.*] There, there! Did silly old man try to burn out inside of him's moufy? [*To Cain*] You take him while I cool it. [*She hands the child to Cain and sits down to cool the milk by the simple expedient of dipping her hand into it, ladling it up in her palm, and pouring it back into the bowl. Cain, holding the baby, walks to the rear and looks off at the view.*]

CAIN—How pretty Eden looks this afternoon.—Do you think God would be angry if He knew we have a baby?

WIFE—He mustn't find out! If God knew about it, He might take him away—

CAIN—It's an awful joke on God. He sent the baby as a punishment, and if He found out that we *like* it, He'd be furious.

WIFE—It was a queer way of punishing *you*, to send the baby to *me*.

CAIN—Probably that was just a mistake that bird made—

WIFE—That *bird?*

CAIN—That big bird you told me about, the one that left him here—

WIFE—Oh . . . Oh, yes. [*Smiles a little to herself.*]

CAIN—Of course I don't blame God for being angry. But when I hit Abel I didn't know *that* would happen to him. I didn't know he'd get all soft, and cold. I didn't mean—

WIFE—[*Referring to the milk*] There, I think that's all right. [*She rises and crosses to Cain to take the baby. She gazes off at the valley.*] How that Tree stands up in the middle of Eden. It seems to get taller and taller. Sometimes I'm worried, if God climbed up to the top of it he might be able to look all the way over here and see Enoch.

CAIN—[*Speaking with the air of a practical man*] No, that'd be a hard tree to climb. The bark's too slippery—

WIFE—[*In sudden alarm*] Cain, Cain! Come here!

CAIN—What is it?

WIFE—There's someone coming . . . down by the river. [*She points*] . . . There!

CAIN—[*Looking*] So there is. Two of 'em.

WIFE—It's two of those dreadful cherubim . . . I can see the flaming sword. [*She snatches the child from him and holds it with a protecting gesture.*]

CAIN—[*Looking more carefully*] The sunset is so bright, it's hard to tell . . . No, that isn't a flaming sword, it's a beard. . . . [*Horrified*] Good heavens! It's Adam and Eve.

WIFE—What *shall* we do? They mustn't see—

CAIN—How did they get here? Why they live way on the other side—

WIFE—They mustn't know we've got a baby. They'd be awfully disgusted.

CAIN—This is terrible. If Adam knew, he might tell God.

WIFE—I don't worry about Adam. We can fool *him*. But how am I going to keep it from Eve? They've never been here before; she'll want to see everything.

CAIN—[*Looking off*] Gosh, he gets along pretty spry for a man of his age. . . . They'll be here in a minute.

WIFE—Quick! I'll see if I can put him to sleep, somewhere out of sight. You take the bassinette—[*They bustle about. She picks up a skin and the gourd, and hurries off with the baby, Cain follows with the bowl of milk and the ark. For a moment the stage is left empty, then Adam and Eve appear at the back. In spite of their age—Adam is 130 and Eve only fifteen verses younger—they are a well-preserved couple. Adam has a huge long red beard and walks with a staff. Eve has lost something of her Garden of Eden slimness, but is still a fine matronly figure. They wear kilts of fig-leaves and "coats of skins" and have primitive hide moccasins or sandals on their feet. They pause at the back of the stage to remove these.*]

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ADAM—[*Always the gentleman*] Let me help you, my dear. [*Takes off her sandals.*] Phew, that was a long climb. [*Puts his hand to his side.*]

EVE—I suppose this is the place.

ADAM—They seem to be pretty comfortably fixed.

EVE—[*Looking about*] I wonder if she's a good housekeeper?

ADAM—Of course we ought to have called long ago, but there's always so much to do. Do you know her name?

EVE—No. . . . I don't know *who* she is. I never did understand where she came from.

ADAM—Yes, it's very queer. You and me and Cain and Abel—who else *was* there, unless he married the Serpent?

EVE—I must ask her about her family.

ADAM—If only poor Abel had lived—he was the really promising one.

[*Enter Cain, through the opening l.*]

CAIN—Well! This *is* a surprise! [*Embraces Eve*] Mother, how are you?—Father, you don't look a day older.

ADAM—I'm not what I used to be. I get a stitch in my side when I walk uphill. . . . It's that old trouble with my rib.

CAIN—Sit down and rest. [*They squat on the ground.*]

EVE—We should have come before, but we didn't know exactly where you lived. Of course we wanted to see your wife.

CAIN—She'll be here in a minute.

EVE—And today being Adam's birthday, we felt the family ought to celebrate.

CAIN—Your birthday! Well, well, many happy returns! Let's see, I've forgotten exactly how—

ADAM—A hundred and thirty.

CAIN—Oh, a mere nothing, Dad. You've got five or six hundred useful years ahead of you—

EVE—I don't like him to keep telling his age, though. Everyone knows he and I are so nearly the same—

ADAM—I think you picked out a very nice location.

EVE—We like to stay near Eden, it has so many old associations for us.

ADAM—Your mother used to talk about moving up here on the heights—

EVE—But Father enjoys having a chat with the cherubim down at the East Gate.

ADAM—Yes, some of those fellows are quite friendly, they tell me what's going on in the Garden. They say the Serpent's getting a bit old. He was awfully good company when he was young. Your mother can tell you—

EVE—But the soil *is* so terrible where we are, your poor father has to work day and night and we don't get much more than thorns and thistles.

[*Enter Cain's wife.*]

WIFE—[*A little nervously*] How do you do? So nice of you to come.

CAIN—Dear, this is my mother and father.

WIFE—I thought it must be—

EVE—[*Kissing her*] Well, my dear child, let's have a good look at you! What a charming dress. [*To Cain*] I see she has taste.

ADAM—[*Climbing to his feet*] Does the old man get a nice hug? [*He does.*] Delightful, delightful!—My boy, she reminds me of your mother when I first knew her. [*Pats his daughter-in-law's arm, and speaks to Eve.*] A little browner than you were, my dear. It was shady in the Garden, we didn't get so tanned. I can still remember how white you were, against those green fig trees.—Those were the days!

EVE—[*To Adam*] Please don't talk about the Garden. The poor child will be horrified.

WIFE—You must be tired after your walk. Sit down and have some fruit. [*She gets some apples and grapes from the shelf, offers Adam an apple.*]

ADAM—[*About to take it, then looks at Eve, and refrains.*] No, thanks. I never eat fruit any more. It . . . it don't agree with me.

EVE—Well . . . I hope Cain makes a good husband?

WIFE—He's a darling. [*Sits by Cain, with her arm about him.*] I'm afraid he works too hard.

CAIN—We've rather given up agriculture. I'm starting a kind of development up here, I'm figuring on building a city.

WIFE—Cain thinks this region has a great future. He says it's fine for young couples because the chil—[*She pauses in dismay, realizing she has almost given away their secret; but garrulous old Adam saves her slip from being noticed.*]

ADAM—The chill? I'm sure it can't be as damp as it is down where we are.—I believe the climate's changing.

EVE—Eden was the place for climate. Simply ideal.

ADAM—You wouldn't believe how simple and easy housekeeping was there. I remember the Serpent saying that really, where everything was so convenient, two could live cheaper than one.

EVE—Adam, do you see how cleverly they've got that fire fixed, between two stones? Why didn't we think of that? And that sideboard over there, [*pointing to the shelf*] that must be very useful. [*To Cain's wife*] I hope you're going to let me see all your arrangements. I'm sure you've thought of a lot of things that Adam could copy.

WIFE—Cain, why don't you show your mother that nice little stable you made for the live-stock.

EVE—No, no, I mean the kitchen. What do you do to keep the milk sweet, this hot weather? Down in the valley it's really been dreadful.

ADAM—It isn't the heat one minds, it's the humidity.

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CAIN—I believe you're right. I never thought of that before.

WIFE—[*Getting up*] Come along then.

ADAM—[*Admiring her costume*] Mother, d'you see how she's got her skirt fixed behind? Why don't you do yours that way?

WIFE—[*To Eve*] You see, this is a kind of sleeping-porch.

ADAM—[*Noticing the two skins side by side, r.*] Separate beds! Mother, that's quite an idea.

WIFE—We'll go outside, I want to show you—

ADAM—I want to see things, too. [*Starts to rise.*]

EVE—No, Father, you stay here and have a nice visit with Cain. [*To Cain*] He needs someone to talk to. [*Eve and Cain's wife exeunt at rear.*]

CAIN—Mother seems well.

ADAM—She's a wonderful woman. I don't know what I'd have done without her. But it *is* nice to have someone else to talk to. I get fed up with those cherubim. Their conversation lacks variety.

CAIN—Now you've found the way here, you must come more often.

ADAM—I'm glad to see you doing so well. You were pretty wild as a youngster. I used to wonder whether we'd ever raise you. Never having been a boy myself, I didn't realize how full of devilment they are.

CAIN—Yes, you were pretty severe. I remember what a licking you gave me because I shinnied over the wall and got back into the Garden to play with the animals. I didn't know it was Eden, I thought it was just a kind of zoo.

ADAM—I like your wife. I might have known you'd pick out a good-looker. Chip of the old block, hey?

CAIN—*You* didn't have much choice, did you?

ADAM—Oh, yes I did. [*Lowers his voice*] There was another woman floating about the Garden, you know. A person called Lilith. You probably never heard of her. Your mother never mentions her.

CAIN—I suppose you do get homesick for the good old days, before the Fall.

ADAM—Ssssh. Not so loud! [*Cautiously*] I'll tell you something. I'm always afraid Jehovah will change His mind and send us back there. It was a picnic while it lasted, but you know we couldn't go on living like that. It was too informal altogether. And then every time I'd forget myself, and be having a little fun, God would yell out at me and scare me half to death. What with God shouting from the treetops, and the Serpent whispering underfoot, it was too much of a good thing. [*He looks nervously toward Eden, over his shoulder.*] I don't think it's wise to talk too much about these matters. [*Cain remains silent, looking thoughtfully toward Eden.*] Besides, I believe God doesn't really care, and that the cherubim are any rate, that's what the Serpent says. He says God doesn't really care, and that the cherubim are just a bluff.

CAIN—But how about those flaming swords?

ADAM—The Serpent says they're not swords at all, just an optical illusion. He says they've got little bits of looking glass in their hands and they flash the sunlight into your eyes and you *think* it's flaming swords. But I don't know, the whole thing's too much for me. I'm not quite sure how far to trust the Serpent. He's got an awful bruise on his head, and it may have made him sore.

CAIN—It's rather important to know . . . Do you suppose God's still angry at *me*? [*The cry of a baby is heard, off l.*]

ADAM—[*Startled*] What's that?

CAIN—[*Disturbed*] One of the goats, outside.

ADAM—[*Relieved*] Oh.—Gracious, it sounded like—like—never mind.

CAIN—[*Earnestly*] But suppose what was sent as a curse and a punishment turned out to be a happiness, what then?

ADAM—Well, I wouldn't let God know about it. [*Again the baby's cry, unmistakable this time. Adam looks at Cain sharply. Both are greatly agitated.*] What!—You don't mean to say—[*Cain nods silently, much ashamed.*] But how—why—where did you get it?

CAIN—God's punishment, I suppose. He *said* He would brand me. Oh, I hoped you would never know.

ADAM—This is awful. Don't let your mother find out. Does your wife know?

CAIN—I'd have hidden it from her if I could. But I was away when it happened, on a hunting trip. She said a big bird brought it.

ADAM—It's the family curse. The same thing happened to me. Just the same. Eve said a stork flew by and dropped it. It got bigger and bigger, and—why, *you're* it!

CAIN—[*Incredulous*] Me?!

ADAM—Yes. Oh, this is terrible. I thought it was just an accident that happened to *us*. I had no idea it was going to be a habit.

CAIN—Then God *is* still angry.

ADAM—[*In despair*] Yes, He intends to ruin us.

CAIN—[*Hopelessly*] Perhaps you'd better have a look at it, be sure it's the same kind of thing—

ADAM—Yes—quick, before the women get back. Whew, Eve will never get over this if she finds out. We thought we'd lived it down. [*He totters across the stage, and he and Cain exeunt through the opening, l. The stage is empty for an instant, during which the baby's cry is again heard. Then Eve's head appears at a corner, rear. She looks, and then whispers over her shoulder.*]

EVE—It's all right. They're not here. [*Eve and Cain's wife reënter from the back, Cain's wife carrying the baby.*] Let me take him again, the darling!

WIFE—I'm afraid he may cry, you see he hasn't had his supper yet.

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EVE—[*Taking the baby*] Oh, the adorable thing! Oh, he *was* a big baby, a big baby, the loveliest big babblings I *ever* saw. And all those teeth! [*Suddenly panic-stricken*] What *shall* we do, if Adam knows about this he'll be so upset, he'll *never* get over the shame of it. What did you say his name is?

WIFE—Enoch.

EVE—That's a lovely name [*To the baby*] Oh, you delicious creature, I think you're going to have curly hair, yes I do.

WIFE—I don't know *what* to do, it's too dreadful. Cain says it's God's curse on us.

EVE—[*First looking round to make sure they are not overheard*] I don't believe God has anything to do with it. Of course I don't *know*, you see I was an orphan and no one ever told me about things.

WIFE—Perhaps we ought to ask the Serpent?

EVE—I think there's only one thing to do. It isn't right that a young couple, just starting in on life like you two, should have to bear this burden. I'll take him home with *me*.

WIFE—[*Snatching the child, fiercely*] Don't you dare!

EVE—I could pass it off on Adam, somehow. Oh, I'd give *anything* to have another one, myself. [*In a different voice*] Does Cain know the truth?

WIFE—No. I told him a bird brought it. I'll put him out of sight until you're gone.

EVE—Just let me have one more look. [*Takes baby and examines him admiringly*] Yes, it's just the same. I remember Cain's toes were like that, all curly. But you should have seen Abel! He was even lovelier, he had the softest little dark curls.

WIFE—Do you suppose this sort of thing is going to go on and on? [*They look at each other, struck with sudden horror. Then Eve speaks in alarm.*]

EVE—Look out! They're coming! [*She hastily hands the baby to Cain's wife, who runs off with it through the opening, l. Adam and Cain come on, rear.*]

CAIN—[*Embarrassed*] Oh—here you are. We were looking for you. [*Adam and Eve look at each other uncertainly, each doubtful what to say.*]

EVE—I think your little home is lovely—so—so complete.

ADAM—[*Trying to learn whether Eve has seen the baby.*] Oh. Did she show you around?

EVE—Yes. Everything so nicely arranged.

ADAM—Where's—what *is* your wife's name, Cain?

CAIN—Her name? Why—I just call her Dear.

EVE—Adam, you'd better *give* her a name. [*Trying to make conversation, to Cain*] He's good at that, you know: God made him name all the animals in Eden. It was really quite a compliment.

ADAM—I shall call her Jenny.

CAIN—Jenny?

ADAM—Yes. Short for Genesis. Where is she?

EVE—She was here a minute ago.

ADAM—I'll go and look for her. [*Starts toward opening.*]

EVE—[*Anxiously detaining him*] Oh, no, Father, we ought to be going.

ADAM—You go first, I'll catch up with you. I don't like to leave without seeing—without saying goodbye.

EVE—You know we ought to get home before the cherubim light up.

CAIN—[*Eager to get Eve off the premises*] I hate to have you leave, Mother, but of course you've got quite a way to go. [*The baby cries, off l.*]

ADAM—[*Hastily*] Dear me, what a noise those goats make.

CAIN—Oh, I've forgotten to feed them. Excuse me. [*He hurries off through opening. Adam and Eve look at each other queerly.*]

EVE—I like Jenny. I think Cain was very lucky.

ADAM—I suppose so. As lucky as anyone can be with God's curse pursuing him.

EVE—It reminds me of *our* old days.

ADAM—What does?

EVE—Why—seeing them together.

ADAM—You'd better start. I'll put your shoes on for you. [*He gets them.*]

EVE—I *won't* go alone. You know how I hate walking past those cherubim, they always make faces at me.

ADAM—I'll be right after you. I'm just going to help Cain feed the live-stock.

EVE—[*Deciding to trick him*] All right. [*She puts on her sandals.*]

ADAM—Straight down the hill, and I'll catch you before you get to the river. [*Eve goes off at the back. Adam looks round and with surprising briskness hobbles to the opening, l.*]

ADAM—[*In a loud whisper*] Cain!

CAIN—[*Appears at opening.*] Yes?

ADAM—Eve's gone. Where is it? Hurry! [*Cain disappears an instant, and then returns carrying the baby's ark which he places on the ground. Adam looks at the child with mingled horror and delight.*] It's the same. It looks just the way you did. Yes, we're ruined, done for. This is God's punishment.—Can I pick it up?

CAIN—[*With the indifference of despair*] Sure. [*Adam gingerly takes the baby and dandles it awkwardly. It emits a yell.*]

ADAM—Same kind of noise, too. There, there, there—hush, hush, hush—My, how this takes me back!—Was he a fine baby, a beyootiful chillums, hey?—Oh, this is terrible, this'll kill Eve, she'll never get over it.—Has it got the right number of toes? [*Sits down, puts the baby's foot against his own, compares the number.*] Yes, quite all right.—

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Who would have thought that God would be so revengeful—Such a big, fine, handsome baby. Hi itty itty, oh, what a pity! [*Getting more excited he kneels on all fours making humorous faces at the infant.*] Look at all those toofens, by Jehovah. And such nice straight legs, he'll be a big fellow when he grows up.—Look here, my poor boy, it's too bad for you and Jenny to have your little home broken up like this. Suppose I take him off your hands. Eve wouldn't mind so much if she thought it was our own. I'll tell her I found him out in the woods.

CAIN—No! I'll take my own punishment.

ADAM—Well then, lend him to me just for tonight, I'd like to show him off to those stuck-up cherubim.

CAIN—My wife wouldn't hear of it. If you want a baby, find one of your own.

ADAM—[*Still cajoling the infant*] Yum yum yum, googly-goo.—I think he looks rather like me. What's his name?

CAIN—Enoch. Enoch C. Adamson.

ADAM—Well, if you see that bird around again, let me know. I could do with another of these. Eden's been lonely since you and Abel grew up.

CAIN—[*Encouraged by Adam's enthusiasm.*] This is what he likes. Look, Enoch. [*He gets down on the floor, sticks up his legs, and then turns a backward somersault. Adam is sitting on the ground bouncing the baby, and uttering such inane remarks as, "There! See that! Wasn't that a wonderful? Oh what a baby!" At this moment Eve and Cain's wife appear at the back and stand transfixed with horror. Cain and Adam finally become aware of the two women, and look at them in consternation.*]

EVE—Adam! *What* would God say if He could see you now?

ADAM—[*After a sheepish pause*] I thought you were on your way home. I tried to spare you this.

EVE—That's not the way to hold him. You'll break his back. Here, let *me*. [*She takes the baby from him.*] I thought this was a curse, and here you are, simply revelling in it. [*Cain and Adam look at each other, greatly ashamed.*] I do believe he looks like you.

ADAM—Well, don't blame me for it. It was that bird again.

CAIN—Mother, please don't be too disgusted with us. Really, it's not our fault. At any rate *Jenny* had nothing to do with it.

ADAM—Let me have him again, I want to feel how heavy he is.

EVE—Nonsense. You might drop him.

ADAM—But it feels so interesting to be the father of the father of a baby. I'll have to think of a name.

EVE—He's got a name.

ADAM—I mean, a name for how it feels to be its father's father. It feels grand . . . that's what I'll call it, grandfather!

WIFE—That poor child will be starved if he doesn't get his supper pretty soon.

ADAM—I'll bet that God had this all doped out. [*With a sudden air of discovery*] Why I shouldn't wonder if this sort of thing is going to go right on. More and more of 'em, all the time. You see? More people—how simple!

EVE—For *you*, yes.

ADAM—[*Greatly elated*] Hot dog! Won't that be wonderful! I must tell the Serpent about this.

CAIN—[*Hopefully*] Perhaps it isn't a curse, after all. I'm going to tell you something. You've both been so busy thinking about the baby, you haven't noticed—[*He pushes up the long hair on his forehead and shows his brow.*]

ADAM and EVE—[*Aghast*]—The brand! It's gone! [*Cain bows assent, with a sort of mixed humility and fearful pride.*]

WIFE—Yes, that terrible red mark on his forehead. After Enoch came, it went away. That's why we thought the baby was to take its place—another sign of God's anger. [*The baby cries.*]

ADAM—The mark of shame is gone! [*Raises his eyes.*] Oh, Jehovah, great are Thy works. [*In exultation*] Why maybe this family will amount to something after all.

EVE—Not unless the children get their food regularly. [*To Cain's wife*] My dear, I think that's such a wonderful idea of yours, to wash his little cup every time after using it. I never thought of that.

ADAM—Well, we ought to be going. It'll be dark.

CAIN—Why don't you stay overnight? We've got a couple of extra skins.

EVE—[*To Adam*] Do you think we could? Then perhaps Jenny would let me give Enoch his bath in the morning.

ADAM—We will! It's none of the cherubim's business anyhow.

WIFE—Come along, Mother, you can help me put him to bed. [*Eve and Cain's wife go off, with the baby. The dusk is deepening outside, but over Eden the light still glows and the tall Tree is luminous in the sunset. Adam goes toward the rear and looks off at the view.*]

CAIN—[*Pointing off*] You see, that's where I'm laying out my city. The main street will be right along there. There's a fine view. I always notice how that big Tree shines in the sunset.

ADAM—The Tree.—Yes.—

CAIN—Is it really so that God told you not to go near it?

ADAM—Yes; and I begin to see why. He told us that to make sure that we would. [*He turns away from the view and comes forward, thoughtfully, to the baby's ark, and looks at it affectionately.*] There's just one thing—I think you might have named him after me!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The Myth of Wall Street

WALL STREET, sitting like a spider in a web of ticker wires and interlocking directorates, seeks whom it may destroy. To gain popular support for anyone it is only necessary to say that Wall Street is against him. Here are some of the charges made against Wall Street (alias the money power, alias J. P. Morgan, alias monopoly) during the past few years:

Wall Street got us into the war to save its foreign loans. Wall Street plotted and ordered the drive against labor unions. Wall Street planned the post-war deflation and the depression of 1921 in order to bankrupt the farmers and reduce wages. Wall Street nominated Harding and was responsible for the ensuing corruption. Wall Street nominated Coolidge and Dawes and caused the Republicans to ignore liberal protest. Wall Street opposed McAdoo, and raised the religious issue to defeat him and to divert attention from progressive measures in the Democratic convention. Wall Street procured the nomination of John W. Davis, counsel for J. P. Morgan, the Standard Oil Company, and the New York Telephone Company.

So automatic is the response raised in the general mind by this kind of stereotype that William J. Bryan could, without subjecting himself to popular ridicule, write in newspapers owned by William R. Hearst—a big capitalist if there ever was one—that the New York World is one of the chief agents of Wall Street and those whom it opposes are therefore sanctified.

The popular picture of the way Wall Street works is probably something like this:

Secret conference of bank presidents in the office of J. P. Morgan and Company. Order of business: bankrupting of farmers; subjection of Central America; election of Republican President. Resolutions passed: instructing Federal Reserve Board to raise interest rates in country districts, to restrict credit and lower the price of wheat 50 percent; instructing big business through interlocking directorates and credit power to raise prices on goods sold to farmers and lower other prices; instructing the State Department to force a loan on Honduragua and instructing Navy Department to land marines to protect loan; instructing newspaper editorial writers to support Republicans and instructing all borrowers to donate to Republican campaign fund on pain of bankruptcy.

There is no denying the deep-seated sway of the myth. But to many who have seen Wall Street and Big Business at close range it seems so ridiculous as to make them believe merely that those who accept it are afflicted with boobery and demagoguery.

Wall Street—if one means by it the exchanges—is composed of bulls and bears, of speculators and investors, of individuals small and great who are concerned about little but their private gain and who are most of the time at each others' throats. Wall Street—if one means by it the banks—is composed of several large and more small banking groups who compete with each other for profitable business, and carry on the numerous functions of banking with an eye to profits, with an eye to safety, and with very little attention to anything else except the intrigue incident to personal advancement.

Wall Street—considered as a symbol of the credit power in its relation to business—is often curiously powerless. The United States Steel Corporation finances itself and comes into the market not to borrow, but to lend. The same is true of numerous other big business enterprises. Bankers or large owners who try to influence the policy of concerns of which they are directors often find themselves checkmated by the big business executive, who is frequently a strong-willed, prejudiced person and is believed to be extremely limited in supply. The open-shop drive was closely and effectively organized in Texas, where the hand of Wall Street rests lightly, and was scarcely prosecuted in New York City, under the very towers of the financial barons. Those who know the big bankers often find them better educated and more liberal than the proprietor of the $50,000 concern, but incapable of making much headway against the general public opinion of business.

If competent social scientists, with full access to the facts, were to investigate this situation, their report would make interesting reading.

The economist would probably tell us that there are a few basic industries controlled by very large concerns, and many other industries in which the medium or small concern is typical. Big concerns are closely affiliated with big banks—not all in New York—but it is often difficult to say whether the bank controls the manufacturer or the manufacturer controls the bank. The power of centralized credit may be great in times of stringency, but is small in times of plenty. On the whole, what happens to prices and business is not subject to a single, conscious control, but is the upshot of vast confusion and the average of many minds. A few of the more intelligent business men and bankers are trying to find out how to control large tendencies, but they have not been strikingly successful. Their success has been noteworthy only in making money for themselves.

The psychologist would probably report that there is just as much individual difference, as much generosity, as much native selfishness, as much independence and as much gregariousness among bankers and business men as among any other class of the population. He would state that among themselves they exhibit many conflicts and differences of

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interest, but that their mental habits and attitudes toward outside groups are often similar. He would account for this similarity, not on the ground of original sin or instruction from authority, but on the ground of similar habits and environment, working through social pressure and the ordinary mechanisms of stimulus and response. He would note that they often attribute to themselves greater power and more single motives than they actually have, just as they do to others—such as the "Reds"—and that their conceptions of public problems often bear only the most fantastic resemblance to the reality.

The sociologist would probably observe that economic power has much to do with the decisions of government, the opinions of the press, and dominant public sentiment. He would understand that the power is not so much the brutal power of command as the ability to produce a sympathetic environment. He would find, moreover, that small business organized in Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, Trade Associations and the like often exercises far more power of this kind than "Wall Street" proper. He would see that while the general tendency of policies urged by business is often hostile to the interests of labor and the farmer, this fact arises more from the set-up of the social situation and the state of knowledge and intelligence than from any single conspiracy.

I have seen impressive diagrams of interlocking directorates which link the big banks with railroads and manufacturing industries. I have also seen diagrams of interlocking directorates among radical and liberal organizations which link Moscow with American women's clubs. By sketching in a few links omitted on the margin of each diagram it would be easy to join them and chain together Trotzky and John W. Davis. Seriously, I think the interlocking directorates of big business have a meaning, but not the meaning ordinarily imputed to them. They are not the sign of a conscious conspiracy to control business for major political or economic ends. They are merely the evidence of a natural tendency of like-habited and like-environed men to get into control of like enterprises. They are the sign of the centripetal tendency of big businesses for purposes of greater profit and greater security.

Business, very much like the lower animals, though it has no intelligence, often behaves as if it had.

Like all myths, the Wall Street myth is true as a symbol, though false in detail. It is a rough way of accounting for the experience of those who hold it, which substitutes a personification and a will for a confluence of varied forces. The Greeks believed that Zeus hurled thunderbolts. We know enough about thunderbolts so that when we want to use electricity we don't go out to placate Zeus.

Because the Wall Street myth is fantastic is no reason for ignoring the importance of the attempt to deal with the reality which it symbolizes. But because it is fundamentally true is no reason for believing that we can save the world merely by decapitating Wall Street. There is everything to admire in the spirit of St. George hunting the dragon, but it is important to know just what kind of dragon you are hunting. This is a dragon which will not yield to a sword-thrust. The organization of the political and economic power of the majorities who naturally have different ends in view than those symbolized by Wall Street is an indispensable preliminary to the battle. But the battle can be fought and won only by the advance of social science, by the slow construction of better agencies to do the jobs that business now does, by the growth of a new technique of social control, by the evolution of new group habits, and by the spread of enlightenment. It is the business of Progressives, not merely to enroll in the army that represents their cause, but also to improve their weapons.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Reparations Commission

Shall It Be Scrapped?

THE Reparations Commission has been and will be for some time the subject of controversy. The United States is to take a place on this international organization. Is it possible for America to act in this way as arbitrator? Or would it be better were the body simply superseded?

It is I think an open secret that the American section of the Commission of Reparations was torpedoed by its own members. Sir William Goode realized that, since it was impossible to obtain any redress from Austria, which required financial assistance, there was no object in retaining a separate institution which in its day, as originally intended, was almost as important as the parent body.

But however justifiable this procedure may have been in the case of Central European countries, the French are afraid of the precedent. Sooner or later, many students of the reparations problem hold, the Commission must be scrapped. It is regarded as idle and helpless. It was in spite of its supposed powers unable to prevent the French from smashing Allied unity, although its principal purpose when instituted was to decide and act for the governments, and to preserve unanimity. It has done nothing since the occupation of the Ruhr. It is

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quiescent and when it does stir is, it is held, merely the instrument of French policy.

Although the French protest against any interference with its functions and authority, it is the French themselves who have shattered that autonomy which the peacemakers considered so desirable. It can hardly be pretended that the authority which has been set up at the Hotel Astoria in Paris has now any sovereign powers whatever. The governments have perpetually gone over its head in conferences, and the delegates have without protest, meekly, blindly, followed the statesmen's directives.

In matters which appertain to the interpretation of the Treaty, on the purely technical, legal, and to some extent administrative side, the Commission may work undisturbed (though in fact it did not even interpret the disputed clauses under which the French occupied the Ruhr) but the moment any question of policy arises it is obvious that the Commission must become entirely subordinate and resolve itself into an organization which simply keeps accounts and compiles statistics and works out arithmetical sums. In short, the Reparations Commission has fallen lamentably from the high estate to which it was designated. It has been the biggest failure of all the Allied institutions set up by the Treaty of Versailles.

Sir John Bradbury, who is the British delegate, would certainly resent the suggestion that he is there to do what he is told and nothing else: but what happens is that on every critical occasion there must be consultations between the delegates of a particular country and the government of that country. They must put themselves in accord. If there is any clash of opinion, it is for the delegate either to modify his views in accordance with national policy or—resign. There have indeed been many threats of resignation, but so far as the British delegate is concerned, matters have been repeatedly smoothed over, and Sir John Bradbury, under succeeding Prime Ministers — under Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald—has continued to enjoy the confidence of the British Treasury and of the British government.

It is strange to recall that the whole idea of the Treaty makers was to have independent delegates who would sit in a judicial capacity. They were to be impartial and ignore the policy of their country and pursue their own course in accordance with their consciences. That is an idea which has certainly not been put into practice. None of the Allied governments could in fact afford to permit the creation of a sort of super-state sitting in its Paris headquarters. Although a pretence is still maintained that the Reparations Commission is above the reach of political interference, everybody knows that this is not the case.

It was not the Commission which fixed the total debt of Germany: the governments came to an agreement about it. Although the Treaty clearly says that the payments shall extend over thirty years only, the Schedule of Payments took no heed whatever of this provision and is probably ultra vires and altogether illegal. Why maintain the foolish farce?

On the French side there has hardly been any attempt to disguise the true rôle of the Commission. The French are a logical people and cannot maintain an equivoque. M. Poincaré himself was, at one time, the President of the Commission. It was considered that if anybody could properly fill the post it was the man who had just completed his seven years' term of office as President of the French Republic. Here was a job which was almost equally important—indeed a job which, rightly considered, adequately fulfilled, was even greater than that of Presidents and Prime Ministers. But M. Poincaré quickly discovered that it was a mere mockery to pretend that the Commission was supreme—it was the Supreme Council which was supreme. He resigned, and presently obtained the post of Prime Minister, in which real power could be exercised. He did not fail to exercise such power.

Although his successor, M. Dubois, was susceptible enough about the form in which suggestions were conveyed to him, nobody who has followed recent French history can challenge the statement that it was the Poincaré government which called the tune and the French delegate on the Reparations Commission who danced to it. M. Barthou, who is at present at the head of the Commission, also needed careful handling, but it would be absurd to suggest that M. Barthou was more responsible for the decisions which led up to the occupation of the Ruhr than was M. Poincaré.

What is more, the French Prime Minister, acting through the French delegate, dominated the whole of the Commission. Sir John Bradbury quickly found himself fighting a losing battle. France is—at any rate in present circumstances—sure of the support of Belgium. Belgium may from time to time seek to differentiate her policy in minor matters from the policy of France, but one may well ignore nuances since in any real sense Belgium must remain in the French orbit.

Here, then, were two votes out of the four. With America absent there were only, for ordinary purposes, four members of the Commission—France, Belgium, Italy and England. It is not, I think, fair to lay much stress on the fact that the French President possesses a casting vote. I do not recall any serious decision that has been taken by the Commission with the aid of the casting vote. That is because it has not been necessary to use it. Italy has, on the whole—with many reservations and while refraining from active participation in the application of the logical consequences—always added her vote to those of France and Belgium. This was notably the case in the series of declara-

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tions that Germany was in default—declarations which made it possible for France, acting by virtue of the famous Paragraphs Seventeen and Eighteen of the Second Annexe to Part VIII of the Treaty—paragraphs which the Commission has neglected to interpret or submit to arbitration—to act alone and to occupy the Ruhr.

Still it is true that if there were a deadlock in the Commission, France could determine the issue if she pleased. It is natural enough, therefore, that prospective subscribers to any loan should, in the light of experience, look askance at a body which may be, and indeed has been, the vehicle of French policy.

This position arises, as one may say frankly without the smallest reflection on the United States, through the initial failure of the United States to send an official representative to the Commission. It was intended that there should be five members, and with five active members a majority on one side or the other was inevitable. The British calculation, rightly or wrongly, is that America would have stood with England and would have rallied Italy, who has a habit of sitting on the fence, to her side. In that event the occupation of the Ruhr would have been impossible. It would have been the Anglo-Saxons who would have dominated the Commission instead of the Latin countries. Sir John Bradbury would not have stood alone fighting a forlorn hope.

It does not necessarily follow that these calculations would have justified themselves. Nobody can say with certainty what would have been the attitude of America in other circumstances. But it will be seen clearly that, on the one hand England, tired of the reparations tangle, could hardly help looking doubtfully on the Commission, and that the French, on the other hand, could hardly fail to regard it as their safeguard. The French do not apologize for the view they have taken of the Commission; they point out that they have the largest interest in reparations and it is therefore only fair that they should have the preponderant vote. Any combination which tends to destroy the advantage that they possess very naturally arouses protests.

This fully explains the difficult situation which arose when it became known that Mr. MacDonald proposed to set up another body to determine, at some subsequent date, whether Germany is again in default. The precise method by which France was to be deprived of the particular advantage which she holds is of little importance; the principle which was taken to direct British policy even in suggesting the arbitration of America, was the necessity of removing a dangerous weapon from the hands of the French. France may not always have a Radical government. M. Poincaré is by no means done with yet. If therefore, it is argued, the French desire at any time to re-apply sanctions, they can by making use of their voting superiority on the Reparations Commission always find a pretext. This is a disturbing thought.

But the danger has been somewhat exaggerated. It is not in my opinion likely that France will renew the Ruhr experiment without the most pressing reason. Nobody can pretend that the experiment has in itself been successful, and it does not in reality much matter whether France retains her nominal preponderance of voting power or not though the American influence which will now be brought in will make assurance doubly sure. As I have said, the casting vote has never been used on any important issue, and it is inconceivable that France would, if the money of the whole world were involved, employ the casting vote unfairly. Tremendously daring policies cannot be based on such shaky foundations. The danger, as even the French Radicals see it, is not that they will without rhyme or reason again declare Germany in default and organize a punitive expedition, but rather that the British by virtually demolishing the Commission of Reparations will render them helpless no matter what policy England may subsequently adopt, and no matter how lacking in good faith Germany may prove to be.

The real question therefore of which the last has not been heard—a question which is of capital importance is: should the Reparations Commission be scrapped?

If it is to be run in the future as in the past, it would be better to destroy it at once, for it has either been useless or mischievous, serving as a screen for indefensible policies. If on the other hand, it can be transformed into a technical organism which is recognized for what it is and nothing more, it may yet be useful. But to pretend that there is a judicial active body when there is none, and to make it the cover of any international iniquity in which America may be involved is vile and perilous.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Christmas: Moscow

Palpable music winds
Through air grown thick with bells.
The sombre tumult swells
Like wind that swathes and blinds.

Across the sculpted snows,
Making the low sky shake,
The slow bronze clamors break
As a thawed river flows.

The cupolas like breasts
Of purple and golden birds
Throb, as the bells' loud herds
Brush by their heaven-built nests.

And men beneath the dome,
Forgetful of old wars,
Move with the gait of stars,
Whose shepherd calls them home.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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Three's a Crowd

THE gay moths of Woppington's night life fluttered about the soda fountain in Donner's drug store; the state road was ablaze with headlights and hazy with gasoline smoke. Elmer Durkin, finding the temperature high and the public craving for literature low, had moved chairs out upon the sidewalk in front of his shop. At ten by the jewelry store clock the newsdealer was enjoying the bipartisan society of J. Tompkins Riland, editor of the Woppingtonian and of old Dr. Horner, who smoked little cigars out of a paper box. The talk of the shirt-sleeved salon promptly arrived at what Elmer called, "the politicklish situation."

"I can't see anything to it but Coolidge," said the editor. "The Democrats are shot to pieces and Davis won't get anything outside the solid ivory South where they probably think he's Jeff's little boy. The radical element in the Democratic cities will go to La Follette."

"What about the discontented farmers out west?" demanded Dr. Horner. "In my opinion La Follette will split your party wide open just as Roosevelt did in 1912. This isn't such a Republican country as it used to be anyhow." The physician compiled statistics on his fingers. "Since we got back into the game with Grover Cleveland we've had four terms to your six. Now with La Follette out—"

"I'm glad he's gone," said Riland. "He's never brought us anything but trouble."

"You'll be gladder yet if he doesn't take such a big gang with him," said Elmer. "That's what I've been shooting off my face about lately. The Little Giant is deuces wild in this game. Generally a wise guy like you can gather up all the dope and come within one of the right answer, but when it's a triangle story like this, the propheteers are out of luck."

"You're playing La Follette too strong," said editor Riland. "At the worst he'll get fifty or sixty electoral votes."

"T. R. only got eighty-eight in Bull Moose year, but what happened to Taft? The answer is 'ruin.'

"Way it looks to me," Elmer went on, "that old killjoy from Wisconsin is going to spill Paris Green all over the patch this summer. There are lots of soreheads left over from both conventions. Plenty of guys fell off of dark horses and lighted on their beans like the Prince of Wales. Those yaplanders who got the raspberry at Cleveland are not going to do a flop to John W. Davis. And the Democrats who are sour on the Wall Street lawyer they wished on themselves, where do they ring in? They may go Progressive or they may go fishing, but it's a cinch they won't cool their fevered brow with Coolidge. I've got a hunch my old college chum, Battle Bob, will gather up a lot of those grumps.

"Then you take the farmers that are all dolled up in mortgages, and the Bull Moosers that never got over it, and the ex-Hank-Forders, and the readers of the Hearst papers and the Socialists and a big gob of labor union men who are chipping in one smacker apiece—I don't claim La Follette will nail up any pennants but he's about as popular with the G. O. P. crowd right now as a black cat is with a leather pusher. They talk chesty but they can't make their knees behave."

"We can handle him all right," said Riland.

"Maybe," Elmer replied, "but you haven't had such an awful lot of luck at it up to yet. You've been tying a can to him ever since Joe Cannon learned to smoke but you couldn't make it stick. You clamped the lid down tight on that grand larceny he found, and when you came to, the air was all full of shrieks and petroleum and cabinet secretaries in fine pieces. Who was the white-haired boy at the last session of Congress? Answer me that."

"An unusual situation due to an evenly divided Congress," said Riland.

"Righto; and suppose we blow ourselves to another bunch of the same next November, and tie it all up and throw it into the House. Nice piece of grief there for somebody. Nobody knows how much kick the old boy's got in him or whether he'll get his pickins fifty-fifty from the old parties or all lopsided. Nobody knows whether Coolidge has got anything on the ball or not; he's never showed in fast company. Telling boy scouts to be good and mind the teacher won't buy him any long term lease on Pennsylvania Avenue. There's no nourishment in this Mellon's food anymore.

"We're not hep to John W. Davis either, except he's a little brother of the rich and wears short pants and slings a mean cup of tea. We can't tell who'll be the prize spieler on the radio or whether that wireless stuff will cut any ice at all. 'Dink' Hubbell over here on Myrtle Avenue never takes off his headphones except to wash, and all the government means in his young life is the correct time.

"You know this La Follette is a regular mule—he's a hard worker and a hard kicker. He holds the Senate non-stop chin-music record, and that's saying something in that cave of the winds. He's started a good many things that are in the law books and he's made Wisconsin what it is today. You'll admit there is a lot more growing in his head besides pompadour. Some think he ought to be the permanent king of the solar system and plenty would like to see him in the hoosegow, but nobody can say he's squirrel food.

"Where will he get off anyway? He looks like a wow in the whole Wisconsin section and his side-

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kick, Wheeler—Harry Daugherty's favorite brand of poison ivy—will help him vamp loose Democrats all over the map. I hear old Robert is already getting his lunch hooks on a lot of cash customers here in the East, but whether he'll get enough to spill the beans I don't know. Neither do you when you stop kidding yourselves.

"Who knows anything about a three-ring, free-for-all open game, all balled up with the price of wheat and the cost of gas and the weather and the situation across the big puddle? Like Bert Williams used to say, 'nobuddy'."

"You're both underestimating Davis," said Dr. Horner, trying vainly to give away one of his cigars. "Wait till he gets started. He's the real class of the three."

Elmer waved a hand at the passing motor car parade.

"They say the Rolls Royce is the real class in gas buggies, but Henry W. Flivver owns the road. If La Follette can start the hard-handed guys voting together this year, he's got the makings of a whale of a party."

"You overlook one important fact, Elmer," said the skipper of the Woppingtonian. "We are not like European nations; this is a two-party country."

"Sure I know, but what two? Every guy is entitled to three guesses."

"I'm entitled to a night's rest," said Dr. Horner rising. "That's one thing we can still afford under a Republican administration."

The newspaper man sat for a moment in silence.

"Now that that hard-shelled Democrat is gone," he said, "the conversation can lapse into honesty. I've been a good Republican all my life, Elmer, but this Harding-Coolidge administration is the worst dose I've ever had to swallow. I'll do my duty by the party next November like the rest of the wooden soldiers, but if old Bob La Follette can poke any decency or vitality into our political life, I don't care much whether he cures us or kills us."

FELIX RAY.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Klan and the Democrats

SIR: John W. Owens, writing in The New Republic for July 23 says the Klan fight in the Democratic convention was "started as a simple political manoeuvre against McAdoo." Allow me to challenge that statement. In my opinion, and I base my opinion on the facts, the Klan fight was started when the Governor of New York exhibited popular strength in the San Francisco convention four years ago. McAdoo, who began his campaign in 1917, recognized in Smith a formidable opponent, and McAdoo's friends undertook to eliminate Smith by calling attention to the fact that the latter was born a Roman Catholic—in vulgar parlance, they made Smith "take hold of the short end of the stick."

Senator Walsh is a Catholic, but Bryan did not attack *him*—because, certainly, Walsh, for reasons beyond my comprehension, favored McAdoo. Had Walsh favored Smith, Bryan would have denounced him as a tool of the Pope. I suppose John W. Owens is what is called a southerner; I can understand his attitude, but I protest against it, just the same, because it is historically false.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Anti-Fundamentalists

SIR: California, already invaded by such pests as the hoof and mouth disease, forest fires and the criminal syndicalism law, is now attacked by a new epidemic.

The Fundamentalist drive against the teaching of evolution in the public schools has been precipitated by a clergyman in the southern part of the state, and the fight is now on in full force. To those who have studied the situation closely, as my vantage ground as a lecturer on popular science has enabled me to do, it is by no means certain that this revival of mediaevalism may not sweep the state, unless promptly and firmly combated.

I am therefore writing to ask that all liberals, students of science and lovers of freedom who are interested in assisting me to form the nucleus of a California anti-Fundamentalist association address me at Box 573, San Francisco, that we may discuss ways and means of preventing this new disgrace to the already sadly clouded good repute of this state.

I am particularly eager to hear from readers of The New Republic, living in or near San Francisco; but this is an opportunity for friends of freedom everywhere to strike a blow in its defense and in that of scientific truth.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

San Francisco, Cal.

Quakers as Conscientious Objectors

SIR: In a recent issue Mrs. Rebecca Winsor Evans, in a communication, called attention to the record of Quakers as conscientious objectors during the war, pointing out that none of them had taken the absolutist stand of refusing all service in time of war.

In fairness it ought to be said that the records show one Quaker absolutist court-martialed and imprisoned for uncompromising opposition to any form of service, and who was among the last little group at Fort Douglas, Utah, finally released by order of Secretary Baker in November, 1920. He was William N. Doty of Iowa. There were also a few other Quaker absolutists still held in military camps without trial at the time of the Armistice who had no opportunity of going through with their stand.

These are the facts so far as the records of the American Civil Liberties Union show them. While Mrs. Evans's statement is on the whole accurate, these few exceptions ought to be noted.

ROGER BALDWIN.

New York City, N. Y.

Negro Authors

SIR: The reviewer of There Is Confusion, in your issue of July 9, states that Jessie Fauset's novel is the first work of fiction from the pen of a colored woman in the United States. To mention but a few of her predecessors, Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper (who had some little vogue as a poet in the middle of the last century), published in 1892 a novel, Iola Leroy: or The Shadows Uplifted, which went into a second edition in 1893; Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson published a collection of short stories, The Goodness of Saint Rocque (Dodd, Mead, 1899), and Miss Sarah Fleming in 1918 published Hope's Highway.

Perhaps, There Is Confusion was meant, as your reviewer asserts, for people who know nothing about the Negro and his problem; it is interesting to note in this connection, however, the universal chorus of praise from the Negro magazines and newspapers and the warm interest it has awakened among a considerable group of white folk who have mingled for many years with just such colored people as are depicted in There Is Confusion.

ARTHUR B. SPINGARN.

New York City, N. Y.

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Portraits in Encaustic — II

THE TUTOR

WHEN Mrs. X was going abroad for the year she wanted a tutor for her son of twelve, and wrote naturally to her friends at the state university for assistance. They recommended one particular man as the very thing. He had been the light of his high school, where he had taken prize after prize in studies, sports and general character. At the university if, as they said, he had not interested himself in books so much as he might, he had arrived after the prescribed four years at his degree of bachelor of arts and had become one of the leading men in college, a captain and president of one thing and another, photographed in the papers, and rich with trophies, cups and ribbons, with councils and with the badges of all our social and athletic tribes. He was an agreeable looking young man as well, fresh and clear. What could be better? A summer and winter in Europe would be also an opportunity for him.

They came to Paris. The first day Mrs. X took an automobile and drove her party about the town, pointing out interesting spots and making suggestions for their tour of sight-seeing. The next day she went about her own affairs and left matters in the tutor's hands. She came home to tea and found him playing checkers with the boy. The two had walked a little on the Rue de Rivoli. That time Mrs. X said nothing. But next day when the same thing happened she packed the two of them, pupil and master, into a cab and carried them off to the Louvre.

From Rome Mrs. X hoped for better things. The imperial monuments ought to rouse the mind of this bachelor of arts to studies on his own account. While he was in Rome the tutor read one book, Rider Haggard's She.

The three of them arrived at last at their destination and settled in the villa close by San Domenico and not far from the gates of Florence. One day Mrs. X sent the tutor with her son for a walk along the hill, having in her mind the happiness for them of the little lanes and garden paths, the farms with their olive trees and shrines, the unexpected pools and tiny streams, and roadside gates and arbors. She learned on their return that they had followed the car track to the town.

And now the other day when he had made an appointment to meet her in front of the Baptistery, she came and found the young man waiting before Ghiberti's famous door, the door that Michelangelo judged right for Paradise. He came to Mrs. X holding out his Baedeker. "You know," he said, "there must be something special about this door, so many people have been coming up to look at it."

By this time it was clear to Mrs. X that the young man was in the wrong boat. She wondered how best she could send him home without wounding his feelings and without injustice. But the thing has resolved itself. The tutor has decided that he feels that he ought to go back, and so it is arranged. It is the first time in his life that he has not been a success.

LADY WITH A BOTTLE

ALL the past winter and spring, as everybody knows, Italy was full of Germans, sometimes single, sometimes whole families with their servants. The hotels from Venice and Rapallo to Naples, Girgenti and Taormina were crowded with them; if you wanted a room you wrote well ahead or else might walk the streets. Italians and Americans, whatever they had heard of starvation and loss in Germany and whatever truth or falsehood they may have surmised in these reports, found themselves nevertheless confronted with the fact of these many Germans travelling and staying everywhere.

But the heat of June has sent them off again. Even in the best hotels, the Hotel des Palmes, Palace, Russie or Daniele, it is warm for northern visitors, and apartments are easily had again. The couple lunching on the terrace of the little hotel at Monreale have lingered beyond the usual exodus therefore. And they have come up from Palermo in their motor car to see the cloisters and duomo. Meanwhile they have lunched.

The man is tall and heavy, with gray striped flannels and white shoes. His face is round and pink, though you can see that it was once hard, from the thin lips and the crowded eyes. On his fat wrist he wears a bracelet, a gold chain with a little lock. The woman is almost tall and runs to squares and angles. Her dress of Italian linen richly embroidered was meant no doubt for a softer form than hers. On the table there are two wine bottles empty and a bottle opened but hardly drunk at all. The waiter has brought the bill, which is a good long one; it runs over on to a second sheet of paper. The woman reads it over and begins to talk at the waiter. She points to the bottle of wine that is still left. It is not Lacrimae Christi, she insists. They will not pay for it.

The waiter, more and more excited, contends that the wine is Lacrimae Christi and that since the bottle has been opened it must be paid for. The matter ends by the lady's putting down a thousand lire note and the waiter goes away to make the change. The lady picks up the bottle, pours the wine out of it on to the tiles beneath the table, and sets it back with the others.

THE LONDONER

THE lofty interpretation of this English lady's toilette would be perhaps a certain independence that chose the effect best suited to her. This no doubt is a good theory of costume; but in the case of this lady, seeing the effect she got, such a conclusion would be most unkind.

I see her walking always proudly and alone, about Via Tornabuoni and Via Strozzi and at luncheon and dinner. She sits high on her chair in a white dress made full everywhere and up to her chin and down to her wrists. She has a short waist, a high bust, and a long, old-fashioned corset. Her crimpy hair is brushed over rats that make a thick roll all round her head. On the top of this mass of hair, far up, sits a hat with a straight brim and round crown, a frame covered somewhat informally with thin silk. Around the crown is a kind of wreath of black plumes. Under the roll of hair her ears, which are rather large, are left exposed. She wears short earrings, gold balls with turquoises. Her eyes are blue, blue as flowers; the look in them is innocent, pastoral, serene.

Lately another lady has come down from London and joined the first, a delightful and charming person. From this newcomer, who turns out to be a stepdaughter, I learn something more of the English lady.

Two years ago, it appears, she had vanished from London and her stepdaughter's house, without taking leave of anyone or telling anyone of her destination. She was as good as lost. And only three weeks since, so carefully were her tracks covered during the two years at the pen-

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sion, had they been able to trace her, and that only through a visiting clergyman who has seen her at the service. The stepdaughter had come down on the first train. The lady welcomed her cordially and is going back with her to London.

Her father, the stepdaughter tells me, had married this lady somewhat late in life, quite after, in fact, his children by the first wife were grown. He was a gentleman of great culture but with certain eccentricities perhaps, to which the lady did not always adapt herself. One of her father's peculiarities was that he never liked any part of a fowl but the leg. From the start her stepmother saw to it that he always got the wing.

STARK YOUNG.

Pink Sheet Politics

BEING to some degree susceptible to the lure of color I am every now and then seduced into buying a paper with a pink sheet. On such occasions I always make a rite of gazing in what I call aesthetic rapture at the massive composition of the headlines, the fine brush work of the news print and the suffusing glow of color in the background. Of course I know that the picture has a meaning, very likely even a moral. But I never try to read it. It doesn't seem to be for me. The subjects run to a mythology with which I am unfamiliar: Giants and Pirates, Red Socks and Cardinals, and many strange legendary creatures called Zev and Goldbeater and Epinard.

All these names mean something to those who are in the know. But not to me. I have never seen a Red Sock nor met up with a Pirate. The pink pages never mention any distant acquaintances of mine, such as Kant or Aristotle. I have always accepted my ignorance as fate, like the accident of disfranchisement to which a member of the migratory classes must discipline himself. Why should I expect to read the secrets of the sporting page when I have never voted for a President? They are probably complementary deprivations. Probably I know as little about the realities of President-electing as about Pirates and Goldbeaters.

These thoughts are coursing idly through my mind as I sit in rapt appreciation of the warm glow of the pink when a sudden glimmer of intelligence breaks through, shattering the vision of the picture for an instant. I was right! The presidential election is a sporting event. The dark horses featured here in the column beside the results of today's races are presidential candidates. The figures given yonder below the box score of a baseball game are today's odds on Al Smith. Babe Ruth here; Al Smith there. Two species of the same genus. With a certain wicked relief I realize that I could not really be expected to cast my vote intelligently: I do not know the odds!

So the Presidential election is really a sporting event, properly transcribed only against a pink wash background. Probably it is better so. The calculation of chances is a form of reasoning to which the minds of the electorate are well accustomed. They discipline themselves in it every day with the assistance of long tables of figures in the pink sheet. Betting odds form their steady diet. They think in figures. They can easily balance the electoral votes of the Empire State against the farmer's bloc or the solid South, treating each with the familiar ease of a batting average. They can show by the most astute ringside dope that this man who starts in like a whirlwind will slow up after the first round because he can't take punishment, or that yonder old timer is sure to come up from behind on the home stretch after saving his wind in the early circuits. These are the arguments that count.

They alone have the ring of reality. They tune in with the official broadcasting stations. The men who are on the inside, grooming the dark horses for the race, talk the same language. Among themselves they are saying that they must have a running mate who will carry the West. Or they are ready to bet on prosperity and a clear day for a fair weather team. Or they expect their opponent to be boxed at the turn by a third party trick, something low, that will have to be settled by the referees at Washington. And most especially, in the best gambling form they look always to the next heat. They may have bet on the wrong number this time. But that does not disconcert them. Without turning a hair they organize a pool for the next race to back the very number to which they have just lost their stakes. But if a dark horse comes up to the front his earliest and most constant backer is naturally in the position of a monopolist. He can choose his opening. If he is poor, he will take a cabinet position; if he is rich, he will wear the ermine at the Court of St. James. The winner simply gets the prize. Prohibited by the rules from betting on himself he enjoys only the perquisites of radio and movie rights. Like any professional, he lives for others' gain. To the backers belong the spoils.

But this is the small end of the picture. The grandstand dominates the scene in the presidential as in any other derby. Insiders may talk with the naive swagger of the professional who supposes that the horses are the thing. But the public is the thing. The pink sheet is the badge of membership. The bosses exist to groom the chief; the chief exists to run the race; the race exists to fill the page; and without the pink page the public could hardly get home at night. As an incident, the government of the country is perennially renovated. Racing always exists for the good of the industry concerned.

What the pink sheet knows is that sport exists for its own sake. It fills a universal need. The reason is that the human mind is a mixture of simplicity and astuteness. Pure gambling, craps, poker, bridge, mah jong, is the perfect reflection of the human intellect. Man has made these things in his own image, only a little lower than business and politics. The pattern of each game is astuteness within simplicity: the simple rules of the game and the devious chicanery of the players; the positive assurance of the rules and the exhilarating uncertainty of the outcome. Rules, rivalry and score, and the greatest of these is score.

The sporting character of the presidential election is defined in that players' guide to American politics, the Constitution of the United States. It is a competitive event in which the best man wins, the best man being the one with the highest score. That is enough to give it a pink sheet rating. The complication of the rules and their glorious rigidity—what sportsman has not rejoiced over the rigors of his rules?—are quite enough to make it popular. How intricate is their simplicity! Who is there in America today who is not reading his pink sheet in a glow of satisfaction over the prospect of the decision being thrown into the House, and it has not happened since John Quincy Adams! A royal flush, for rarity!

And so all eyes are centred on the box score. The

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dopesters whisper their tips in the symbolism of the game, while the public, proudly in the know, studies the figures of past performances in the études statistiques of the pink sheet. Being ignorant of these subtleties I grow indignant and mutter to myself of oil and hospitals. But then I reflect that civilization is too complicated for reason, anyhow, or that the alternative to this people's game of chance is the royal game of sinecure. We are governed by events beyond human purview in any case. So I lapse into a thin-blooded cyncism suitable to one who cannot vote and will not read the sporting news.

C. E. A.

Mr. Hardy's "Philosophy"

Thomas Hardy's Universe, by Ernest Brennecke. London: Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d.

In Three Philosophical Poets, Mr. Santayana observes of the Divine Comedy: "This art does not smack of life, but of somnambulism. The reason is that the intellect has been hypnotized by a legendary and verbal philosophy. It has been unmanned, curiously enough, by an excess of humanism; by the fond delusion that man and his moral nature are at the centre of the universe. Dante . . . seems to be a cosmic poet, and to have the anthropomorphic conceit of romanticism. But he has not escaped it. . . . He is, in a moral sense, still at the centre of the universe; his ideal is the cause of everything. . . ." It would seem a long way from Dante to Mr. Hardy; but Mr. Santayana's remark is almost as illuminating of the latter as of the former. Mr. Hardy, too, at first sight, would appear to be a cosmic poet, and to have escaped the anthropomorphic error of the romantics. But, like Dante, he remains carefully at the centre of the universe, viewing the world from his own moral rampart; and even when he is assiduous in demonstrating man's unimportance in the deterministic stream of things, he exalts him by exalting the vast horror of the stage on which he acts. Cherishing a hope that eventually the "Will" may become as conscious and as compassionate as Man, he makes clear a secret belief in a debatable human superiority. Again, Mr. Hardy's work has always to some extent smacked of somnambulism. His novels have the melodramatic and unreal and fitful vividness of dreams; his characters are as often as not the hollow bright people in a nightmare, vivid, but as a whole not quite apprehensible or credible, "with dreamy conventional gestures" (to quote Mr. Hardy himself), and an air of having been hypnotized. It is reasonable, I think, to see the cause of this in Mr. Hardy's perpetual preoccupation with "ideas." His obsession with the "thing to be demonstrated" is uppermost in his mind; and it is ruthless with him. A touch here and a touch there, every so often a tiny omission or interpolation, it diminishes the real in order to round the pattern; and it is precisely in this diminishing and this rounding—which Mr. Hardy terms "truth"—that he often sacrifices the real and substitutes the phantasmagoric. What this "thing to be proved" may be, Mr. Brennecke, in his essay on Hardy's "universe," seeks to make clear. He traces Hardy's intellectual growth from a belief in "crass chance," or the tyranny of "circumstance," or Fate, or Providence, to his almost complete acceptance of Schopenhauer's system with its basis of "the World as Will," and its accompaniment, in the world of phenomena, of absolute determinism. Mr. Brennecke makes an overwhelming case of it. Quoting literally, he shows that the choruses in The Dynasts contain a nearly perfect abstract of Schopenhauer's metaphysical theories. This is certainly a rather surprising and interesting fact. If we quarrel with Mr. Brennecke about it, it can only be because he is prolix and repetitious in the telling of it, uses a great deal too much metaphysical jargon, and is perhaps a little too inclined to take his "fact" seriously, and to leave it at that.

Mr. Hardy, in his preface to The Dynasts, disclaims (as Mr. Brennecke admits) any attempt at a systematized philosophy. The doctrines of his "Intelligence," he says, "are but tentative." But Mr. Brennecke is not deterred by this disclaimer: he takes what he terms Mr. Hardy's "intellectual content" very seriously. Is it so "difficult" or "exhilarating" as he thinks "to come to grips with it"; or is it especially important to do so, beyond recognizing its nature? Mr. Hardy's philosophy is not original, on the whole; and the really important questions, for criticism, are the questions which Mr. Brennecke almost wholly ignores: why has Mr. Hardy, as an artist, always been so enthralled by "ideas"; and to what aesthetic use has he put them? . . . On the latter question Mr. Brennecke does throw an incidental light when he points out the very remarkable accuracy and compactness with wihch Mr. Hardy, in the choruses of The Dynasts, retails Schopenhauer's conception of the unconscious Will. This affords one an opportunity of observing Mr. Hardy's method, of watching the characteristic vigor, and austerity, and dry economy with which he converts an idea into a feeling or an action; it lights exceptionally his habit of personifying the abstract, and of abstracting the personal; but into these matters Mr. Brennecke, unfortunately, does not see fit to go.

And this is precisely where any careful criticism of Mr. Hardy *ought* to go. Without for a moment forgetting Mr. Hardy's exceptional power of thought, and the remarkable degree and variety with which he has "caught up" nineteenth-century abstract thinking, of the more sceptical sort, into poetry, we can more fruitfully concern ourselves with the interesting fact that he evinced in his work an emotional craving for a sceptical intellectual basis long before the sceptical intellectual basis took the precise shape to which Mr. Brennecke attaches such importance. The precise shape, indeed, does not particularly matter. The half-dozen intellectual viewpoints through which Mr. Hardy has travelled are metaphysically different; but it is useful to notice that they are emotionally the same. What we see here is an emotional determinism of thought which Mr. Hardy himself would probably be the first to admit, and which clearly suggests that for Mr. Hardy it is the common factor of emotion, in these successive viewpoints, which has been most necessary. Mr. Hardy was determined—by what motives we can leave a chartered psycho-analyst to ascertain—to take a tragic view. Leaving aside, then, both the personal and the philosophic aspects of this, and restricting ourselves to the æsthetic, we find in Mr. Hardy the extraordinarily interesting case of an artist with a powerful appetite for a tragic view, who, beginning with a melodrama, has gradually and laboriously sought the "rationale" which would not only permit, but actually invite, the maximum of disaster, and carry him thus from melodrama to tragedy. In A Pair of Blue Eyes, and in all those novels in which chance, or mere coincidence, dominates—that is, a purely external and unpredictable force—we have melodrama; but by degrees Mr. Hardy substituted a gloomy deter-

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minism for chance, and thus greatly extended the dimensions of his tragic view, partly by increasing his plausibility (since the downfall of a protagonist could be derived from the defects of his own nature), but also by increasing the unity and æsthetic value of his "scene," which was now conceived not as chaos but as order. In this, the "philosophy" was perhaps simply derived from the appetite for disaster and pity. That it was the emotional implications in Schopenhauer's ideas which most signally attracted Mr. Hardy we can see clearly in the fact that he persistently "sentimentalizes" them, as, for example, in The Dynasts, where, instead of Schopenhauer's aseptic unemotionalism, we have the "Spirit of the Pities" and "Spirits Sinister and Ironic," and with admirable effect. If even here we feel that Mr. Hardy has not wholly replaced the melodramatic by the tragic or the grandiose by the poetic—and the same thing is yet truer of even the latest and best of the novels—we must suppose that it is due, as suggested earlier, to the fact that the artist does not sufficiently "command" the philosopher. Mr. Hardy's appetite for the disastrous and pitiful often outruns his inventive power, as his inventive power (especially in his prose) almost invariably outruns his sense of effect. The "idea" thus too often and too bleakly emerges in his prose, crippling or hypnotizing his characters, or reducing them to lifelessness. It is in poetry that the "idea" takes its place most naturally and effectively; and it is therefore not surprising that Mr. Hardy should have shown in poetry, most unmistakably and unintermittently, his tremendous power and individuality.

Mr. Brennecke's treatise suggests these and related problems; and it is extremely interesting and careful. Reduced to two chapters instead of six, it would make the very best of bases upon which to build an exact æsthetic and psychological study of Mr. Hardy's work. It is a pity that Mr. Brennecke should so painstakingly have left aside all the aesthetic implications which so clearly start from his notes on Mr. Hardy's metaphysical preoccupations. But even so he has given us something which will be useful . . . It remains only to note a misquotation from the Fore-Scene of The Dynasts on page 118.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Ordeal

Ordeal, by Dale Collins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HENRY JAMES discovered a formula for raising to a higher power the emotional appeal of the ghost story. It consisted in giving to the apparitions the symbolism of moral issues, and of weighting the mystery with moral horror. He appropriately entitled this discovery The Turn of the Screw, under which name one of the masterpieces among stories of the supernatural is known. In somewhat similar fashion Mr. Dale Collins has taken an equally common genre—the sea story—and by adding the weight of social and moral meaning he has given to it a sinister and terrible power. Superficially Ordeal is a tale of the sea, suggesting certain forbears and influences. There is for background the typical exaggeration of tropical nature, the darkness, the light, the heat, the rain like a solid wall. There is a storm which rivals Conrad's Typhoon. There is fighting and murder. There is thirst, hunger, heat, toil, nakedness, dirt, danger for sensitive, gently nurtured people, under which their nerves are shattered and their morale cracks. But the effect of all this is multiplied to something monstrous and abnormal by the fact that these gentlefolk are in the power of a man of primitive cunning and brutal force—a man not of their own class—a servant.

Thus he appears in Mr. Collins's brilliant impressionism, on the first page of the book.

> Ted the steward struck a match which burst a hole in the night as if he had fired a tiny bomb. The light throbbed for a moment, throwing his features into relief, and then the darkness flooded in again, blotting out the blaze and cloaking the man so that he became no more than a black mound set against the dim-seen windlass.
>
> The memory of his face remained impressed upon the gloom like the head of a Cæsar on a coin; the sharp nose hooked down above the bitter lips, the eyes dark beneath dark brows, the chin long and blue. Across these cruel and arrogant lines, however, was smudged the cringe of his trade, and deep in the bold eyes cowardice dwelt, while the sleek black hair—emphasized by the skin's pallor—suggested obsequious bowings. Clearer than all else in the imprint was the fact that the left ear had been sliced off neatly, leaving a small round hole suggestive of nudity in its pink revelation of the machinery of hearing.

Like the Hairy Ape Ted feels a vast contempt for his masters, but he is more sophisticated than Eugene O'Neill's hero.

> They're—they're—parasites. They grind down our faces so's they can play bridge. I tell you they make me fair sick. And yet there's no getting away from them for us that's got no money, no power, no chance. What can we do to get even with them—everythin' on their side: police, laws, parsons, everythin'! But they're swine just the same, damn them!

The steward with the indignities of his stewardship to avenge, with the lusts learned from his masters to satisfy, has in himself the seeds of a servile revolution, and by a logical chain of events, comes into possession of his harvest. In the derelict world of the Spray he is sultan, but with one vulnerable spot. The question was asked by Octave Mirbeau in his Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre, why servants remain patiently in ignominious subjection, with such opportunity to attack the master class in its vulnerable part, from below. The philosophic femme de chambre sees that it is because they have the souls of servants. And that is why Ted breaks down in his rôle of sultan—the mark of his stewardship is too deep; he has the soul of a servant.

It should be promptly affirmed that Mr. Collins is too good a workman to thrust the significance of his tale upon us. He has no thesis—no discussion. His meaning grows steadily with the weaving of his story, which is extraordinarily swift narrative marked by energy and vividness of phrase. His objectivity in handling alike the external world and the human kind who traverse it is unbroken. There is never a touch of sentiment, of partiality. His detachment is never more masterly than when he deftly labels his characters after their terrible experience by the same standard trademark of superior humanity which they originally bore. Only a glint of malice is latent in Thorp's last utterance—Thorpe, the owner of the Spray and legally in possession of the honors of the occasion—as he clamors for champagne to drink to their rescue on board the steamer which has picked them up:

"There is only one fault about this ship," said Thorpe. "The service is not what it should be."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Pluralistic America

Culture and Democracy in America: Studies in the Group Psychology of the American Peoples, by Horace M. Kallen. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00

MUCH clear thinking and a great deal of luminous writing has gone into this new volume of Dr. Kallen's essays. The compass is somewhat wide. From the Ku Klux Klan to the life of reason and from the moral history of the frontier to the hope of humanism in the industrial age, the author has let his mind range freely over a multitude of aspects of the American problem, and touched each one with a refreshing word. If his book lacks the singleness of a pattern it gains an essential unity from the consistency of his outlook.

The core of the argument is in the first four essays, and the burden of it is, roundly, this: There is no hope either of order or of justice in the New World unless the freedom and equality implied in democracy are extended from the individual to racial groups and cultures. The melting pot is a delusion, and "Americanization" a vain effort; and Dr. Kallen proceeds by acute analysis and by a wealth of illustration to contend that a multicolored America, united in economic interest and political organization, is not merely desirable but probably inevitable. A culturally pluralistic America is our manifest destiny. The tune to which we shall march down the ages will be sung in harmony but not in unison.

Negatively and in detail I see eye to eye with Dr. Kallen, and I might exhaust my fairly considerable vocabulary of eulogy in praise of his learning and logic without quite surrendering to him all the way. I may as well say now as later that, though we start from the same point and share compartments through much of the journey, we shall not arrive at the same destination.

Dr. Kallen's critique of Americanization and of the entire muddle of inter-racial relations in the United States is, with minor reservations, my own. His conclusions are another story. The case of the immigrant in America is quite typical of the history of subject peoples everywhere. Their progress falls into three major periods. In the beginning the dominant race exploits them economically and ignores them socially. That has been the tale of the slum and the sweat-shop and the construction gang in America—the pre-assimilation age. In the second period the helot has got his bearings, has emerged from his bewilderment, and begun to impinge on his new environment. The response of the aborigine is a snub. Broadly speaking, this corresponds to our age of "Americanization." The native has become conscious of the man in the alien, perhaps even a little disturbed by the implications of him, and forthwith he goes down to lecture him on his inferiority and his place in the scheme of things. By the time this happens, however, the erstwhile stranger is quite at home and he has his own conception of where he belongs. The third period is here. The subject has mastered the alien environment, and he quietly asserts his equality with the dominant group. Then the dominant group is seized with resentment and fear and gives fight. It may still shout "inferior,"but what it sees is a menace. This is the age of the Know Nothings, the A. P. A., the deportations, the American Defense Society and the Ku Klux Klan.

Americanization as a conscious endeavor has ignominiously failed, because of its motive, its mood and its method. And, as Dr. Kallen suggests, it would have failed in any case. The logic of the situation was against it from the start. History is not made by pious exhortation tempered with hypocrisy. And the practical effort was further hobbled by a motley personnel with a set of contradictory impulses. In the front line a small group of well-intentioned idealists carried on, with a fair enough vision of America and the end to be achieved, but with a nearly perfect misunderstanding of the immigrant. The middle ground was occupied by a very large group of busybodies and professionals, ignorant alike of America and the foreigner, and intent only on either keeping a job or patronizing somebody. And in the wings, invisibly, operated the master minds, the small handful who knew very precisely what they wanted, and why they wanted it. Americanization, in any intelligible sense, they did not want at all. When they rooted for Americanism, they had in the back of their heads neither the tradition nor the future solidarity of America but conformity to an economic status quo which had passed into history in Europe nearly a generation ago and which was even in socially primitive America on its last legs. If I oversimplify I am doing so deliberately, though I do not forget that in the end the industrialists allowed the snob theorists to pull the wool over their eyes and subscribed to a barbaric and lunatic immigration policy which shuts out the "safe" immigrant from the underdeveloped peasant countries and puts a premium on the very "Nordic" elements who in the past introduced into America the heretical sociologies of Europe.

So far so true. But that Americanization according to these various dispensations has merely served to stiffen resistance to every sort of cultural unification in the United States, does not argue, as Dr. Kallen argues, that there is some mystical power in "race" which makes new ethnical and cultural patterns both hopeless and sinful. It is conceivable that a confederacy of racial groups superseding the present obsolescent union of territorial states may be not the worst culmination of the American experiment. Neither, however, is it the best, in my estimation. Forces toward a reintegration of mankind on this continent are perennially at work. I do not know what they will produce in the visible future. It may be a harmony. Unisons are scarce even in the solidest of European nations. The forces are not the settlements and the Inter-Racial Council. They are the leveling sameness of American life, machine industry, the multiplying devices of communication, the uniformity of popular schooling and the popular press, the tragic history of Europe and the stirring promise and tradition of America. Intermarriage is a very vital factor, and the fluidity of class is still a real thing in America.

Moreover, such resistance as the immigrant offers to unification is, I am fairly certain, temporary. Predominantly peasants and proletarians, the American peoples have but the slenderest roots in the cultures of their homelands. That they strike deeper upon transplantation is due to the conscious efforts of the home governments and resident leaders, and principally to the cool reception provided by America. Counteracting factors, in addition to those already enumerated, are language and economic pressure; and the second generation knows not the fatherland.

I am not prepared to say, at least not passionately, that

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the homogeneous civilization which is in the making by the comic strip, the movie, the radio and the regimented public school quite meets my notion of utopia. I am only skeptical whether a cultural pluralism will do any better. Cultural autonomy is apt to revert in periods of stress to political separatism. The dangerous strains which afflicted Switzerland during the late war—and Switzerland is the community upon whose success Dr. Kallen erects most of his hope—is a case in point. I presume that, speaking purely from the point of view of desirability, even Dr. Kallen might abate some jot of racial sovereignty in the interest of political unison.

M. E. RAVAGE.

The First History

History of Art, by Elie Faure; translated by Walter Pach. Volume III: Renaissance Art; Volume IV: Modern Art. New York: Harper and Brothers. $7.00 each.

THE two volumes that complete M. Elie Faure's History of Art reveal the same depth and brilliance as his earler chapters on ancient, primitive, and medieval art. Such a feat of sustained imagination and exhaustive scholarship leaves one breathless: it is surprise enough to find the historian's fountain gushing with wine instead of slightly alkaline water; it is something more than a surprise to find the wine inexhaustible. I have had two years to get over my first enthusiasm for M. Faure's History; but these last two volumes only confirm my first judgment. There have been histories of artists and histories of paintings and sculptures before; M. Faure has, I think, written the first history of art.

M. Faure's work is perhaps one of the greatest justifications of M. Henri Bergson's philosophy. Instead of cutting across the corpus of art with the edged instruments of the intellect, M. Faure places himself in the midst of each period, shares its prepossessions and passions, grows with it, is carried along by its flow, and emerges in the end, not with a transcription of its external achievements, but with a deep intuition of its aesthetic reality. With M. Faure one does not survey art from the mountain top, judging all its colors and contours in relation to one's own fixed position: on the contrary, one plunges into the running stream of art, and never quite emerges until one arrives at that mutinous ocean, which is the future. One does not go through such an experience and remain the same person: Watteau and Fragonard and Chardin, to seize a personal example, will mean something different to me when I look upon their paintings again. Even where knowledge remains the same, M. Faure often contrives to alter one's emotional attitude; and this is only to say that M. Faure's History has precisely the opposite virtues to those of the ordinary textbook.

I should like to dwell upon these new volumes, chapter by chapter, and point out their several excellences—show how easily M. Faure's mind rises to the challenge of a Michelangelo, with what refinement of insight he places the great Venetian painters, or with what tender understanding he throws himself into the personality of a painter like Peter Breughel, whose humanity is quite inseparable from his art. The chapters on the period of Louis XIV, which draw together the mechanical philosophy of Descartes, the mathematical nobility of Le Nôtre's gardens, the unrelenting political organization of M. Colbert, and the cool rigor of Poussin, show M. Faure's method, perhaps, at its best: here knowledge and intuition, fact and imagination are fused at every point. M. Faure's treatment of the great conflict of the nineteenth century is equally strong; and it is only in dealing with the artists of the latest generation that his emphasis is somewhat narrowly French, in its disregard for the Russians, the Americans, and the isolated talents of other countries. With the exception of Okakura Kakuzo, whose realm was the art of the East, no one has ever covered such a wide field with M. Faure's magisterial authority. What matters some occasional lapse in sympathy, or omission of fact? To mention Mary Cassatt and not Ryder, Flaxman and not Blake—these would be grave error only if M. Faure had set out to record rather than interpret and feel. It is enough that M. Faure's method makes art come to life, so that we, seeing it elsewhere, may take possession of it by a similar process.

The sonorous movement of M. Faure's prose tends to envelop aphorisms and profundities which would otherwise stand out on every page; indeed, M. Faure's thought would seem even more brilliant than it does were it not unfortunately set to a single measure and cadence which, though it is noble and encompasses many things, has a tendency to put even minor observation into large metaphors, where they rattle like seeds in a dried gourd. Yet this is the defect of a genuine gift; and if the reader would sample it at its best, let him consider how much of our American life is summed up in this description of our architecture, which closes the last volume:

> Here are the tall chimneys like temple columns, the living animals of steel, with a heart, intestines, nerves, eyes, limbs, iron bones articulated like a skeleton, the turning, the sliding, the mathematical coming and going of belts, of pulleys, of connecting rods, and of pistons; here are the rigid roads shining, and extending, and intersecting to infinity, and the silent round of astronomical cupolas following the movement of the skies; here are the giant halls and the bare facades of the factories, cathedrals dedicated to the cruel god who knows no other law than that of unbounded production. . . . All that is clear cut, without ornament, trenchant, categorical, and having the purity and innocence of function—indifferent to good, to evil, to morality—of the function which is being born, endowed with an aptitude which is fierce, insatiable, and joyous. . . .

Art has waited long for an interpreter of M. Faure's resources, sympathies, and understandings. Unless I am mistaken the work he has accomplished in the History of Art will not have to be done again for many a long year.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Ireland's History

The History of Ireland, by Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Company, $5.00.

TO Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Irish novelist, critic and poet, belongs the credit for producing the first adequate history of Ireland in the English language. Those who seek a glorification of Ireland, or a vindication of England in her dealings with Ireland, should not read this book. For Mr. Glynn, unlike many who in the past have essayed to write about Ireland, has handled

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his material in scholarly fashion. His statements and the interpretations drawn from them are not based on emotion, but on hard, incontrovertible facts. Nowhere does he attempt to minimize or excuse shortcomings; the narrative, though at times overburdened with details, is remarkably frank and straightforward. The atmosphere of exaggerated nationalism with its cheap, boasting patriotism, so characteristic of the blood-and-thunder type of history, is, happily, lacking.

About one-third of the volume, which contains five hundred forty-odd pages, is devoted to the history of Ireland prior to the sixteenth century. The story of the legendary period, and the attempt of St. Patrick and his successors to bring Ireland within the realm of organized Christian society, is followed by a detailed discussion of the feudal era including the Danish, Norman-English and Scotch conquests. If one tires of the seemingly interminable conflicts between O'Neills, O'Donnells, O'Conors, Burkes, MacCarthys, O'Rourkes, O'Briens, MacLoughlins, O'Mores, O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, O'Reillys and Maguires—to mention only a few—he nevertheless realizes all the more clearly that it was just this tribal or feudal dissension which furnished the opportunity for foreign conquest of Ireland. In other words, at the time when western Europe was grouping itself into strong centralized states, Ireland remained a multitude of petty, jealous principalities. Even the Irish poets and historians by concentrating the attention of each tribe on its own past—its achievements against other tribes—fostered tribalism and decentralization.

But Mr. Gwynn is fully cognizant of the fact that laws, kings, dynasties, military exploits, romantic marriages, assassinations and reigns of terror—indeed the irrelevant and melodramatic— that bulk large in our political histories constitute only a fractional part of the real history of any people. Throughout the book and particularly in the sixteen chapters covering the period from the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth centuries he has been at pains to emphasize the underlying social, economic, religious and intellectual factors in Ireland's checkered career. In this connection the old notion, still entertained by many individuals, that the long standing trouble between England and Ireland hinged mainly on racial and religious differences is shown to be without foundation. The root of the difficulty was social and economic. Ireland, an agricultural country, was conquered and her people dispossessed of their lands, their only source of livelihood; evictions, pauperism, crime, rebellion and bitter hatreds followed. In fact, as Mr. Gwynn points out, Elizabethan Englishmen regarded Ireland and the Irish exactly as Victorian Englishmen regarded South Africa and its native races. Exorbitant taxes and the strict application of a mercantilistic policy completed Ireland's economic ruin. The religious and racial factors were secondary. Catholicism figured prominently largely because it became inextricably blended and confused with the cause of Irish nationality.

Modern Ireland is the theme of the last twelve chapters of the volume of which the last briefly outlines the birth of the Irish Free State. Mr. Gwynn makes no attempt to prophesy Ireland's future. That was not his purpose. He set out to interpret present day Ireland in the light of her past history. In this he has been eminently successful.

HARRY J. CARMAN.

Andorra

Andorra, by Isabelle Sandy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $2.00.

ANDORRA draws it name from the little republic in the Pyrenees, settled like Venice in the days of the invasions, and outlasting even Venice in its long independence. As the Venetians fled before the barbarians to the islands of the Adriatic, and became sailors, the Andorrans moved into the mountains and became shepherds. Under divided allegiance to French and Spanish suzerains, Andorra maintained its independence and developed a dignified social and civil life based on the patriarchal principle. It thus provides the natural material of a classic, a drama in which human emotion in its simple, elementary forms is controlled by the higher law, fear of God and duty to family and state. The story of the three generations of Xiriballs is as potentially tragic as the stories of Thebes or Argos. To their mountain hearth comes lawless passion and fraternal crime, but the evil spirit is exorcised by the simple faith of the father, Joan Xiriball, whose steadfast resistance is symbolic of Andorra itself, "immovable like a gigantic cliff rising from a tempestuous sea." Mlle. Sandy has written a beautiful book, a worthy addition to that line of French fiction from Colomba to Maria Chapdelaine, in which the passion of romance is subdued to classic dignity and grace, and in which nature forms a noble and enduring background to the heroic quality of mankind.

R. M. L.

Women and Wives, by Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS is a novel with the courage of its convictions. It sets out grimly to paint the decay of an average middle-class American marriage— a marriage which eventually collapses, not from any overt acts of violence or unfaith, but through a slow and pernicious boredom which atrophies the protagonists. As such, it is studiously honest, faithful, and intelligent—and a bit dull.

J. G.

Contributors

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